

JOHN BULL

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1953

3^D
EVERY THURSDAY

**BIG THINGS
IN THE
PACIFIC**
By A.G.G.

**WRITE
TO
'JOHN
BULL'
ABOUT IT**

**THE
OLD
FOLK'S
FIGHT**
By SWAFFER



HIS CHOCOLATE RATION MEANS MUCH TO HIM . . .

To you who read this, chocolate may be important. You may feel its shortage keenly . . . But to our men in the Merchant Navy its importance as a food is often vital.

Thousands of heroic survivors of enemy action at sea have owed their lives to the rations which form part of every lifeboat's regulation equipment. Chocolate is always included . . . a specially prepared chocolate which gives extra nutrition and does not increase thirst.

Chocolate is issued to all our

men in North Africa, Italy and the Middle East. It is an essential part of the ration of every paratroop soldier when he jumps out. It helps to keep our bomber crews fit and alert on long flights over enemy country . . .

Four out of every five tons of chocolate produced at our Bournville factory goes to these and other priorities. This explains why your chocolate is scarce and why Cadbury's is sometimes difficult to get.

CADBURY means QUALITY

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Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder
3½d. packet, one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons

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Made with
CHOCOLATE ... TO SUSTAIN
GLUCOSE ... TO ENERGISE
MILK SOLIDS ... TO NOURISH

Mars Bars are simply packed with energy and delicious goodness. Prolong your enjoyment by cutting each bar into slices.



Mars

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory—and plenty of Mars for everyone—everywhere.

Her teeth are YOUR concern—



Every mother wants her children to grow up with strong, firm white teeth, safe from the danger of decay. Make sure of this by giving them the right care when they are young. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia,' which corrects acid-mouth, so often the cause of dental trouble.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant, mild flavour. Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10½d.

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

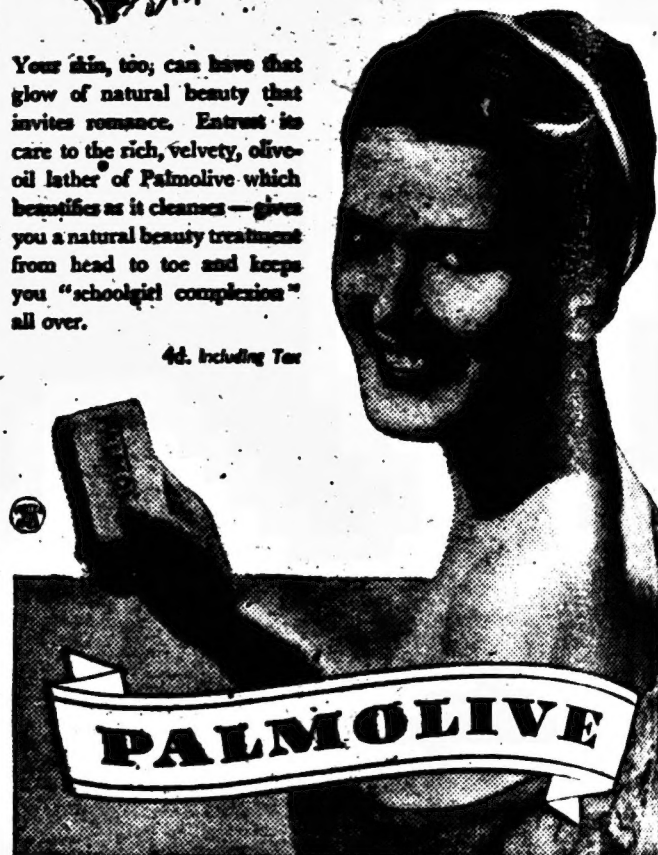
* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade name of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

The time... the place... and the girl with that Schoolgirl Complexion!



Your skin, too, can have that glow of natural beauty that invites romance. Entrust its care to the rich, velvety, olive-oil lather of Palmolive which beautifies as it cleanses—gives you a natural beauty treatment from head to toe and keeps you "schoolgirl complexion" all over.

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the stopper
—we can't**

Bulmer's Bottle Stoppers are made of precious rubber and if lost cannot be renewed. Please see that they are returned to your Dealer with all 'empties.'

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. Bulmer & Co. Ltd., Cider Makers, HEREFORD

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It's never too early to take Phenice. Act quickly—and within an hour or so you'll realise that your cold has no chance whatever of coming to a head. Phenice is never more valuable than when it is taken in an emergency like this: thousands now take two tablets of Phenice a day throughout the winter and so escape colds, chills or 'flu.

Quickly! take some
Phenice
 for relief & protection
 from Colds & 'Flu'

FOOD & FACTS

**Greens
taste
better
cooked
this
way!**



1 First, wash the greens carefully in salted water and shred them with a sharp knife.



2 Put a teacupful of water into a saucepan—just enough to prevent burning—bring to boil and put in greens.



3 Cook for only 10 to 15 minutes with the lid on. Shake the pan gently once or twice while boiling.



4 Cooked this way, greens stay deliciously crisp and they keep their full flavour—Vitamin C is preserved.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT,
TUESDAY TO FRIDAY, AT 11 A.M.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 175

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 20, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."



Straight from the Shoulder

FIERCE FIGHTING

A CROSS the windswept plains of the Ukraine Germany's southern armies are fleeing in terror of the fast-riding Cossacks.

A little to the north they have left behind their last line of defence before the Polish frontier.

By the Pripet Marshes, amid rain and slushy sleet, they face a complete split between their southern and central armies.

In the Leningrad area they are pulling out their heavy guns in readiness for a retreat to Esthonia.

One Year Ago

They are running so that they can live to fight another day. Exactly a year ago their offensive at Stalingrad died away and they realised the possibilities of disaster; they are not making that mistake again. Not if they can help it!

But in some sectors the Russian advance is faster than the enemy retreat; the Kiev bulge grows deeper; the German commanders must hasten their withdrawal or be encircled.

It Won't Be Soft

Whichever new winter line they may choose to make a stand, they will defend it with reckless savagery.

Hitler promised the world last week a "fanatical fight" to the finish, and that part of his speech was more convincing than the rest.

Oceans of blood will yet seep into the soil on the Eastern Front, and before long the ancient battlefields of France and the Low Countries may well be stained scarlet once more.

This Way Out

But Finland will not stay to the bitter end.

Her anxiety to get out is growing daily. She is even increasing her payments to the U.S.A. on her debts of the last war—hoping pathetically to secure Uncle Sam's mediation.

Since the Moscow conference she must realise that her only hope is Unconditional Surrender to Moscow.

Looking to Us

Thousands of miles to the south, Rumanian and Bulgar patriots are planning an underground movement on the French lines. Already they have sought official recognition in Washington and London.

Well, no one will object to them "working their passage." But, if only in fairness to our Greek and Serb friends, we must first satisfy ourselves of their real intentions.

It's a Lesson

Algiers has provided a warning in this respect. The virtual sacking of General Giraud by the delegates of "Underground France" proves that they will not tolerate any measure of appeasement towards the Vichy adherents he allowed to remain in office.

In the same way, the Greek patriots are suspicious of their king's record; the Serb partisans distrust young King Peter's Cabinet of old-time generals and semi-Fascist Diehards.

And, of course, there is King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. . . .

Heavy Going

As for the military situation in Italy, if Rommel can hold our advance until the New Year he may well complicate our plans for other operations.

But it is not likely that he can maintain his present "winter line" for long, though its capture is certain to be a costly business.

Alexander is confident of success—and that is surely the best comment that could be made.

Turkey's Place

Certainly the war's end could be hastened if Turkey became more "benevolently neutral." Not much longer, we may hope, will she delay in making up her mind.

Portugal is helping us to beat the U-boats by giving us the Azores bases. Turkey's air bases would enable us to bomb the Rumanian oilfields and thereby diminish Hitler's power to make war.

U-boat Reed

Clearly, Hitler's most-prized weapon has become a broken reed. Even the announcement that he has lost 150 in six months tells but half the story of his lost hopes.

We are sinking U-boats faster than they can be replaced!

Small and Big

Having beaten first the medium-sized type, then the small mass-produced kind, we have now to contend with the outside U-boat. And we shall destroy this, too; its loss to the enemy will be all the greater because of the time spent on its construction.

So, though we have not yet heard the last of the under-water menace, we are well on the way to safety at sea.

Naval Strength

When that day comes we shall naturally be able to despatch most of our

naval forces to the Far East. Considerable though our strength in that area now is, it cannot be reckoned as sufficient to bring the enemy's main fleet to bay.

Meanwhile, however, he continues to lose cruisers and destroyers in the effort to reinforce his garrisons in the South-West Pacific, where, as Colonel Knox has said, his position is more critical than ever before.

China Marches

Equally satisfactory to us—though few newspapers have reported the news—is that Chinese troops are pushing ahead of the new Assam Road.

Along that road will trundle masses of supplies to our long-tried ally. By the time Hitler is defeated, moreover, we should have reopened the Burma Road.

Sky-high

China will require (and deserve) our assistance after as well as before the war's end. To such straits has she been reduced by years of conflict that the cost of living in free China is now 143 times the pre-war level.

No, that isn't a printer's error. It is a mark of the debt that the whole world owes her.

Three Points

The tasks confronting the United Nations can indeed be divided into three groups: those by which victory can be hastened; those which will tide us over the period of transition from war to peace; and post-war reconstruction.

The first two of these will naturally occupy the leaders of the present Allied Governments. Unless the second is satisfactorily handled, indeed, the seeds of fresh wars may be sown. Fortunately UNRRA is making a good start.

Air Transport

In the transition stage of remedying some of the ravages of war, air transport must play a valuable part.

Here, too, a start has been made towards international understanding. Lord Beaverbrook will have a difficult but great opportunity in Washington, and now the U.S.S.R. is becoming interested.

As a Moscow review stresses, civil aviation policy should not be based on competition but on collaboration with other governments.

Britain's Future

For Britain itself, the transition period will be a severe testing-time. Hence the importance of the new Government changes.

● Here are some facts to chill the blood of all who read them:

In London alone, the number of children under four dying from tuberculosis of the lungs INCREASED FOUR-FOLD during the first two years of war.

The number of children aged from five to fourteen who died of the same disease INCREASED THREE-FOLD.

Among older people, the White Plague GREATLY INCREASED its ravages.

In this fifth year of war, there is reason to fear that the increase is not merely being sustained, but is growing steadily more serious. Black-out, fatigue, milk and fat shortages are powerful allies to the disease.

Last week the Government had to answer a bitter debate on the subject. Its feeble reply was to the effect that it would see what could be done.

JOHN BULL offers some suggestions. Firstly, doctors should be allowed to order extra milk for the patients who most need it—those who are likely to contract T.B.

Secondly, the new system of maintenance allowances must be extended. At present, not only are incurables being refused help, but also those whose conditions might be alleviated.

Thirdly, the over-working of young people in some factories must be stopped.

Fourthly, the scheme to examine all workers by micro-photography must be speeded up.

Fifthly, the housing problem should be tackled. Meanwhile, will Officialdom have the decency to hush its silly bleat that "the health of the nation has never been better"?

GOING UP

The Minister of Reconstruction will be concerned not only with long-term planning. He must solve the more immediate problems which stand in the way of reconstruction. So Lord Woolton will have to display almost superhuman shrewdness, energy and determination.

Exit Mr. Brown

There will be a sigh of relief at the departure of Mr. Ernest Brown to the dark obscurity of the Duchy of Lancaster office.

And we can expect further Government changes in the near future.

So Far as They Go

Certainly the first reshuffle—despite the Woolton appointment—cannot be regarded as bold and imaginative.

The reason must be that the Government, though working hard on a sort of "blanket" programme for post-war changes, cannot agree just how far and how quickly to go towards the goal of social reform.

Plan for Each

Each of the Parties, in fact, is making its own plans. There will be much common ground in these various plans, but even in regard to the Beveridge Report there are obviously major divergencies of opinion.

No doubt that is inevitable. But at least the nation will expect the Government to allow no difference of view to impede plans for the first two divisions of work—for war and the transition period.

Promise

Mr. Churchill himself accepted this duty in his speech last week.

"I regard it," he announced, "as a definite part of the responsibility of this National Government to set about a vast and practical scheme to make sure that in the years immediately following the war there will be food, work and home for all."

We shall expect him soon to report progress—but we still doubt if the present Coalition will agree on the social changes that most of us desire!

(Continued overleaf)

● JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc., in addition to a FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE, POLICY, underwritten at Lloyd's. (See page 13)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

IN a day or two Parliament will be assembling again. Despite the criticisms of the noisy few who want to go to the country in war time, it's a good House of Commons—on the whole.

Much has been achieved; much, of course, must be done quickly in the next few weeks.

N.U.T. were Right

Education will be tackled soon. It can't be too soon. Let's hope the President of the Board of Education, Mr. Butler, will enhance his reputation by noting last week's recommendations by the National Union of Teachers.

They want to see absolute priority in demobilisation for teachers. They want potential teachers to be given training now.

So do we.

In a Phrase

Food, work and a home for all—that was the Prime Minister's fine, simple phrase.

Food we've got, thanks to Lord Woolton. No one need be out of a job—unless some pettifogging Ministry of Labour official starts interfering.

But a home for all? We haven't taken a decent step in that direction yet.

Turned Out

Not long ago the wife of a Royal Marine policeman was turned out of her house by a landlady because she was expecting a baby. Later she was found in a terrible state, with a sack as her bed.

She had been living at Beith, Ayrshire. But the same sort of thing is happening all over industrial Scotland.

Cells Wanted

In Glasgow particularly, the young wives of men in the Forces are being victimised.

Landladies are ruthless, and it is not uncommon for women who are about to become mothers to call at the police station and ask to be allowed to sleep in a cell.

Booked Up

In Glasgow and Clydeside the maternity hospitals and nursing homes are crowded out. Accommodation in some of them is booked as far ahead as next April.

Yet a recent survey by the Corporation showed commodious houses have been empty for two or three years. Why aren't they turned into temporary maternity hospitals?

On the Stairs

Here's a case from Glasgow which needs no comment. Twelve people were charged the other day with failing to take their turn of washing the stairs on the Blackhill Housing Scheme. Eleven of them were fined 5s.

The twelfth, a woman of seventy-four, who pleaded not guilty, was fined 2s. 6d., with the option of five days' imprisonment.

Discrimination

We've had some bitter things to say on this page about gossipers who help Hitler by spreading silly criticisms about the American troops among us.

It would be difficult to be bitter enough about a wicked piece of discrimination just reported by a reader in East Anglia.

At the Dance

A village dance was organised by the Army authorities. Printed bills were issued announcing that admission was 1s. for Services in uniform; 2s. for civilians.

Written in ink on one of the bills sent to us was the insult: "U.S.A. troops 2s."

It's good to hear that comments in the village were too powerful to print.

Pooled Fine

Much pleasanter is a story we've just heard. A young girl, anxious to go out with an American soldier, fixed up a meeting. The soldier turned up with a friend, explained patiently that she ought not to go out with boys till she grew up, and to point the lesson gave her a playful ducking in the pool in the park.

Very wrong of him, no doubt. He was fined at the police court. But local residents were on his side. They collected the money for the fine.

To the Minute

Is there really no other way of enforcing punctuality besides standing men off for long periods and losing man-hours that can never be made up?

There's been a lot of lateness at Lilay

Main Colliery, near Wrexham, and the management has decided that anyone who clocks in a minute after 6 a.m. must wait till 7 a.m. before starting work.

On with the Job

The result, as a reader tells us, is that men who turn up very slightly late—perhaps through a cycle puncture—have to spend nearly an hour drinking tea in the colliery canteen.

The workers realise the need for punctuality. But they'd rather have, say, a quarter of an hour's pay deducted and be allowed to get on with the job.

Recruiting

The Government has spent £24,000 on persuading men to work in the mines.

Up to now 3,363 have chosen to go into the industry on being called up, and there have been 3,500 recruits.

So it's cost about £3 10s. a man. It might have been more reasonable to have spent the money on little improvements in the pit conditions.

Second String

We referred a moment or two ago to the obstacles put in the way of people wanting to do their war jobs. A Stowmarket, Suffolk, man was taken from his work four months ago and sent eighty miles away to be a butcher.

The idea was that he would replace another man who was to go into the Army. This second man is still doing the job.

His War Job

A sixty-year-old retired schoolmaster wanted to do his bit. After an elementary examination (he says) he was sent to work as a Whitehall clerk for 77s. 6d. a week, including overtime.

He found his work was of a highly secret nature—copying addresses on to file cards for about two hours a day. He had to be in the office from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Overtime was compulsory.

Remember Them

So, as Whitehall evidently has money to spare, should it not be more generous to those who have the greatest need of generosity?

We refer to disabled Servicemen.

Contrast

Thus, a blind ex-soldier here receives £2 a week, plus an extra 10s. if he cannot work. Which makes £130 a year in all for a single man.

Whereas Belgium, which is hardly well off, pays a blinded unmarried private £384 a year at pre-war values.

Bigger Hearted?

In New Zealand, a disabled Serviceman is paid £5 5s. a week while undergoing training to prepare him for a well-paid job—and he gets his pension on top of that.

Both New Zealand and Belgium are little countries. Shall it be said that they have a bigger sense of social justice than ourselves?

Kept Out

One more complaint—from the widow of a seaman. She lives in Bedford, and, as she was brought up on a farm, decided she'd like to do part-time land work.

The authorities made it impossible. If she started to help a local farmer, they told her, she would immediately lose a small grant provided for her daughter's schooling.



Keeping fit is fine, but girls in the A.T.S. joined up to save manpower, not their figures. At all times of the day typists, clerks and drivers are being taken from their proper work to do P.T. At a pay office near London more civilian clerks have to be employed because the A.T.S. clerks are kept from their desks so often. At a big camp in the North work starts at 8 a.m. in the administration department. At 8.30 members of the A.T.S. have to go out for half an hour's drill. There's no time these days for playing at soldiers—and the young women want to get on with their work.

Queer About Quotas

A Birmingham boot repairer, bombed out of his shop in 1940 and compelled to vacate another when the owner came back from the Army, has discovered a queer thing about leather quotas.

They are attached to premises, not to boot repairers.

If a man takes over a shop not previously used for the trade, he's got to get his supplies as best he can. The rule is intended to protect the public from "mushroom" traders. But with the footwear position as it is, it's a rule that should never be rigidly enforced.

Wash-Out

Another point for the Board of Trade. . . . It was a bright idea to mark all Utility stockings with a number so that, if a woman found that a particular type wore well, she could be sure of getting the same kind when she went to buy again.

It would have been brighter to mark the number in indelible ink, so that it didn't disappear at the first wash.

Note for Cooks

Let's finish with a cookery note—about dried eggs. The Ministry of Food has been at pains to explain that they are the real thing without the water. But many housewives can't believe it. It's all in the cooking.

Success at Last

The Ministry says the dried eggs should be done as slowly as possible. A bachelor we know has always followed this advice. The results have varied—sometimes scrambled eggs have tasted like clothes in the wash. Some times they haven't tasted at all.

Experimenting the other day, he cooked in lard as hot as ever he could get it, and as quickly as he could. Result: real scrambled eggs indistinguishable from what he knew in peace-time.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- Fuel rationing has definitely been rejected. But there may be further reductions in "allocations" this winter.
- No London official will deny Washington's tip that Gen. Sir Bernard Paget has been chosen to lead British Forces when Continent is invaded, with "First Army Anderson" as one of his field commanders.
- Bad weather alone delayed R.A.F.'s bigger—and different—bombing campaign.
- Object is not to obliterate German arms centres, but to make what is left a liability rather than an asset; i.e., to keep A.R.P. and A.A. services pegged down and to strain man-power resources by rebuilding jobs.
- R.A.F.'s new concentration tactics mean that in a major raid 150 bombs of all kinds fall EVERY SECOND.

- Lord Wavell won't go to banquets while Indians are dying of starvation. This is annoying a small clique of snobs—but that is hardly likely to bother him.
- Mr. R. A. Butler believes he will be able to compromise with the Catholics over the Education Bill, but unless he can do so within the next fortnight the Bill may be delayed till after Christmas.
- Conflict between Gen. Jodl, Hitler's personal military adviser, and Gen. Zeitzler, German Chief of Staff, is deepening Nazi confusion on Eastern Front; each general issues orders without informing the other!
- Baldur von Schirach, gauleiter of Vienna, is expected to be recalled following his failure to pacify Austrian workers, whose production has fallen heavily.

PUT

IN asking that steps be taken up as much as possible by members of the Home Guard working long hours, met part of the criticism of Sir Walter Citrine.

He also made it clear that attaches the highest importance to both Home Guards and fire

True, no man can safely be no longer any danger of upon these islands—or even incapable of landing saboteurs.

But Sir Walter's argument is primarily upon such assumptions as risk against risk—the risk of air raids on the one hand, risk of fatigue damage to troops on the other.

And JOHN BULL, paying

Premier's warning that "relax our precautions," against Citrine that some workers put to excessive strain.

There are some six million men and women. And the Home Guard rather more than two million.

Probably a million men turn out every day, or night, spell of duty on the top of

Sir Walter Citrine made a case when he said it was "present circumstances to workers night after night, mess premises.

BUT it certainly would be heavy spare-time duty without good and sufficient

JOHN BULL, judging both gations and from its reader the conclusion that rules often too harshly interpreted

When the new Defence Regulations were first announced we described them as "the thin of the war" and we to-day.

The Government has defended them. Mr. Herbert Morrison for the mass of explanation of small type—which were new rules.

And Miss Ellen Willmott, understudy, has told the with asperity that he understand the law, but out!

This is no way to secure of a loyal and intelligent

We do not agree with singling out the watching as being particularly over

Our view is that there effort in the watching of cannot be convinced, for in Hertfordshire should have because a bomb or two may suburb.

But our chief criticism system itself, considered is a shocking muddle.

Hundreds of volunteers or are about to resign in d riot.

And tens of thousands trained and uncertain what

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

PUT THE WAR EFFORT FIRST

IN asking that steps may be taken to ease up as much as possible the duties of members of the Home Guard who are working long hours, Mr. Churchill has met part of the criticisms recently made by Sir Walter Citrine.

He also made it clear that the Government attaches the highest importance to the work of both Home Guards and fire guards.

True, no man can safely assume that there is no longer any danger of large-scale air attack upon these islands—or even that the enemy is incapable of landing sabotage squads.

But Sir Walter's arguments were not based primarily upon such assumptions. He was weighing risk against risk—the remote risk of massive air raids on the one hand and the immediate risk of fatigue damage to the national war effort on the other.

And JOHN BULL, paying due heed to the Premier's warning that "this is no time to relax our precautions," agrees with Sir Walter Citrine that some workers of Britain are being put to excessive strain.

There are some six million fire guards, men and women. And the Home Guard is probably rather more than two millions strong.

Probably a million war workers have to turn out every day, or night, or both, to do a spell of duty on the top of their normal work.

Sir Walter Citrine may have overstated his case when he said it was "the height of folly" in present circumstances to call out "millions" of workers night after night to firewatch at business premises.

BUT it certainly would be foolish to demand heavy spare-time duties from any worker without good and sufficient reason.

JOHN BULL, judging both from its own investigations and from its readers' letters, has formed the conclusion that rules and regulations are often too harshly interpreted.

When the new Defence (Fire Guard) Regulations were first announced some months ago we described them as "the most idiotic innovation of the war" and we stand by that opinion to-day.

The Government has scarcely attempted to defend them. Mr. Herbert Morrison has apologised for the mass of explanations—over seventy pages of small type—which were issued to explain the new rules.

And Miss Ellen Wilkinson, his energetic understudy, has told the man in the street with asperity that he is not expected to understand the law, but merely to carry it out!

This is no way to secure the co-operation of a loyal and intelligent public.

We do not agree with Sir Walter Citrine in singling out the watching of business premises as being particularly overdone.

Our view is that there is still more waste of effort in the watching of residential areas. We cannot be convinced, for instance, that guards in Hertfordshire should have to turn out merely because a bomb or two may be falling in a Kentish suburb.

But our chief criticism of the fire-watching system itself, considered nationally, is that it is a shocking muddle.

Hundreds of volunteer officials have resigned or are about to resign in disgust at Red Tape run riot.

And tens of thousands of fire guards, ill-trained and uncertain what is expected of them,

regard their weekly duty as a maddening waste of time and energy.

So it often is! Procedure varies enormously as between one area and the next. In districts which have actually experienced heavy raids, the common-sense of veteran officials has bred local efficiency within or without the new regulations.

But, in many other areas, a swarm of new officials, many of them paid out of the public purse, are still wrangling about procedure and fussing about ridiculous rules, while the actual fire guards continue to sleep through their dreary and ineffective watch.

Some boroughs have been refused permission by their Regional Commissioners to change over to the new system; anyhow, nobody knows how it would work in practice.

The fact that a second front is imminent in the West raises the further possibility that we may have to cope with increased bombing in certain areas, or with new forms of enemy attack.

Even so a large percentage of part-time fire guard duty is in excess of reasonable need.

The real war effort, we repeat, should come first. Workers already putting in long hours should not have their efficiency impaired by extra fatigue.

At the best they only make amateur fire fighters. The real need is for the N.F.S., with its mobile teams, fully equipped and trained, to be kept up to strength.

It took the Government more than three years to frame the complicated and often ludicrous regulations which have been imposed long after the period of maximum risk has ended.

It need not take three weeks to modify the present system in such a way as to free vast numbers of trained, but tired, workers from irksome routine duties on condition that they maintain their efficiency through occasional refresher courses.

If this be true of the fire-watching millions, how much more must it be true of the Home Guard?

For there can be no reasonable doubt that Home Guards, with anything from six months' to three years' training behind them, could keep fit for instant service by doing occasional reminder and practice training.

For instance, many might well be employed to help on the land in the rush seasons.

Sir Walter Citrine put it mildly when he said: "One sometimes wonders if workers would not be

more profitably employed if they were allowed to use their leisure in the way they feel disposed instead of being dragged off for senseless drills."

A large part of the rank and file of the H.G. is definitely "browned off" through doing unnecessary guard duties and futile parades. Officers and men are still keen to go through genuine instructional training, but they strongly object to regimentation for the sake of regimentation or to formal duty for the gratification of temporary Blimps.

The interests of national service must be paramount in time of war, but it is precisely on this account that we question the wisdom of exacting more than is absolutely necessary from the loyal citizen.

WE find it impossible to understand why a crane driver of eighteen, working twelve hours a day, should be fined for absence from a Home Guard mounting parade which, had he attended it, would have given him a spell of thirty-eight hours without sleep!

Or why cowmen and other agricultural labourers, doing an extremely heavy week's work of the utmost national importance, should also be expected to do full Home Guard duties long after they are fully trained.

Or why magistrates in one part of the country should take a lenient view of absenteeism from H.G. parades by a worker in such circumstances, while other magistrates in other areas enforce harsh penalties.

The Home Guard was formed at a time of great national emergency. It was then untrained, ill-equipped and almost totally unarmed.

To-day it is a highly trained and efficient force equipped with modern weapons.

The original emergency for which it was formed no longer exists. It will have a part to play when a front is opened in the West, but until then we might safely economise the expenditure of the workers' spare time.

And so we endorse Sir Walter Citrine's appeal for a reconsideration of Home Guard and Fire Guard regulations and the utmost relief (compatible with safety) of the citizen army in its arduous spare-time duties.

Some Employers Should be Jailed

MEN and women are going to prison for absenting themselves from their war jobs.

Men and women are going to prison for being late for work without adequate reason.

★ ★ ★

And because there can be only one standard of production in our war industries—and that the highest—ninety-nine workers out of a hundred would agree that that should be so.

But let us be logical about this. If a person on the pay-roll of a war factory mustn't be allowed to decide that he shall do no work, his firm must not be allowed to say that he shan't be allowed to work.

Yet what is happening? The other day a shop steward at a North London engineering works—a sound and reputable member of the Amalgamated Engineering Union—displayed on the firm's notice board trade union notices

which he was well entitled to display.

Now it happens that there is a regulation designed to stop people displaying in our war factories such notices as "Support Hitler Against the Wicked British"—or even making speeches to such an effect.

The intention should be obvious to everyone.

It is not only to stop people who are completely against us in our war effort from making mischief, but the lukewarm people who are not entirely with us as well.

The firm invoked that regulation to sack this ardent man.

Naturally, the Ministry of Labour wouldn't stand such nonsense.

★ ★ ★

They told the man to go back to his job, and they ordered the firm not only to permit an immediate resumption of work, but to pay him for the time he was away.

The man obeyed.

The firm resorted to the all-too-common trick of putting the man back on the pay-roll, but refusing to permit him to stay on the factory premises.

It has happened several times recently.

★ ★ ★

Orders for reinstatement both by Local Appeals Boards and National Service Officers have been turned down by firms in this way.

Employers who don't happen to like a man's politics or views on trade union matters apparently feel entitled to show a contempt for him, in this way, which the law of libel wouldn't allow them to express in words.

Which is made worse by the fact that good men are being lost to the war effort in consequence.

There's one solution, and the sooner it is used the better.

If prison is the remedy for refusing to work, prison should be the penalty for stopping a man from working.

H. F.

DEAR GENERAL.—Any speculation as to how, when and where the Second Front will open must be linked with your name.

The *Army and Navy Register*, unofficial but authoritative American service weekly, has predicted that you will be in supreme command of the U.S.-Anglo Forces now awaiting the signal to go.

Latest reports from Washington say that your appointment may be hastened by the results of the Moscow Conference. And Stalin has just stated that the Second Front is not far off.

I know you dislike publicity, but I feel that my readers would like to know something about the man who may direct the knock-out blow against Hitler.

In France in the last war you moved by road and rail 800,000 men for the Argonne offensive—an achievement described as "one of the most brilliant tactical jobs in any army's record."

General Pershing, commanding the U.S. Forces in that offensive, saw that in you was the stuff of which great soldiers are made, called you "the finest American officer in France."

More than 20 years later another man, President Roosevelt, realised your qualities, and his country's need for them.

Ignoring the claims of 20 major-generals and 14 senior brigadier-generals, the President jumped you over their heads to be acting Chief of Staff.

General **GEORGE CATLETT MARSHALL**,
Chief of U.S. Army General Staff



Never was choice more justified. You battled against obstinacy and narrow-mindedness in your determination to build up a formidable army.

You won through. You organised and developed the American army from a few half-trained divisions to the present magnificently equipped striking force millions strong.

Mentally, you are admirably fitted to lead the Democratic Armies of Liberation. You have modesty and tact. You don't excite the envy of your colleagues. You have patience. But behind the patience is steady, thorough preparation for the task ahead.

There is no "stick-in-the-mud" outlook about you. At sixty-two your mind is young. You encourage originality, welcome new ideas, new machines, new devices—anything which will improve the efficiency of the men under your command.

There will be no jealousy or heart-burning in this country if you are chosen to direct the Allied might against Germany. For you believe that the best way to Berlin is the shortest way, across the English Channel; and you also believe that the job can be done that way, and done quickly.

But whether you are appointed or not to this vital command you cannot be robbed of the credit for the splendid U.S. armies now in being. "Marshall's Men are Marching On."—JOHN BULL.

M. GUSEV.

Soviet Ambassador to Britain

YOUR EXCELLENCY.—To you has fallen a great honour and a great task—the honour, that of being the representative in this country of the courageous peoples of the Soviets, whose armies are hurling back the Germans; the task, that of maintaining the sincere bonds of amity and comradeship which link those peoples with the people of Britain.

Soviet Ambassadors who preceded you had, perforce, to fight against barriers of political prejudice and dispel suspicions.

It has taken the bloodiest war in history to throw down those barriers; and to-day the friendship between Russia and Britain is firmly cemented in common sacrifice and common aims.

The Russian bogey—that monstrous myth played up for years by petty-minded and possession-crazy reactionaries—has, I hope, been laid for ever. In its place has come a wonderful friendship, stronger than ideologies and transcending any conflicting ideas of political government.

Your people, like ours, must resolve that no faction or rivalry shall destroy that friendship.

On it, more than any other factor, rests the future peace and well-being of Europe.—JOHN BULL.

Captain D. C. LING, M.C.,

Royal Tank Corps

DEAR CAPTAIN.—Major it should be. For it was as a major that you were wounded with the "Desert Rats."

Coming home, it was as Major Ling that you continued to give your country of your best.

Then somebody discovered that, three months after being wounded, "you should have reverted from your temporary rank of major to that of captain."

And you were presented with a bill for £185 for "over-payment."

You know who to blame, of course. Mean, parsimonious Treasury. A Treasury which pays Servicemen miserably, keeps Servicemen's families near the poverty line, so drastically rations rank to all three Services that you have N.C.O.s who are unpaid for their extra responsibilities, officers made to suffer financially when they are wounded.

You serving men can't fight it, of course. But I can and will.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, M.P.,
West Fulham

DEAR MADAM.—Your efforts to translate marriage into terms of money, and to assume that holy matrimony becomes unholy inequality if certain financial conditions are not observed, leave me cold.

To declare, as you do, that the Appeal Court decision giving a husband the right to a wife's savings from the housekeeping allowance "has made a mockery of the marriage vows" suggests that marriage is merely a material bargain between a man and a woman.

Whereas you, as an intelligent wife and mother, know that all the money in the world cannot create an iota of married happiness, if love, trust and toleration are absent in a home.

I concede your point that there are many mean husbands who stubbornly refuse to grant their wives allowances commensurate with their incomes.

You, I hope, will concede that there are also many greedy self-centred women who view marriage as a means to an end—security, clothes, pleasure and idleness.

Campaigns such as that now being conducted by the Married Women's Association would be unnecessary if individuals approached marriage with the intention of giving and not taking. And that goes for women as well as men.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT

By PALLAS

Harpies and Innocents

"There was a woman, she was wise—

Woefully wise was she.

She was old, so old, yet her years all told

Were but a score and three.

And she knew by heart, from finish to start,

The Book of Iniquity."

—ROBERT SERVICE.

For heaven's sake, let's stop beating about the bush. There are bad women in London, in Manchester, Liverpool, Cardiff and other big cities.

There always will be bad women—tough, heartless, greedy harpies who feed on the filth and dross of war as sickeningly as any unscrupulous profiteer.

I've heard, on the radio, talks of the flaunting vice of Piccadilly. I've read reports of investigators who have toured the West End of London and the "dives" of Soho.

The latest contribution to the controversy about wartime morals came from Captain Cunningham Reid, who told to fellow M.P.s the pitiful story of Mary, the "good-time girl."

The West End of London to-day appeals me. Public-houses are crowded almost as soon as the doors open. Flighty girls—you have an almost unbearable itch to put them across your

knee and spank them—giggle and smoke and drink.

They're a pitiable sight. They are to be pitied because they have got beyond parental control, because they are denied, maybe, the comfort and blessing of a real home, and, above all, because their young minds and bodies are being warped and abused by false conceptions of life and living.

There is in them neither evil nor vice. They are the "dead-end kids" of war, seeking they know not what, and puzzling their immature minds over questions they cannot grasp.

The professional harpy, ever "on the make," always seeking, and more often than not finding, the soldier with the money, is the real menace to these girls. She is soulless. She robs and scoffs and swindles. She is the blot on the city black-out.

She degrades womanhood into a foul, unlovely thing. She destroys decency—and rejoices in it. And the Law, the stupid tolerant Law, let's her get away almost scot-free.

She is the vulture of war, the killer, the priestess of corruption. She, not the poor little misguided fools who play with forbidden fire, is the thing that creates loathing and disgust.

All discussion, all inquiries, all talk of reformation and regimentation are vain. She should be chained up and prevented for ever from plying her trade.

Sir JOSEPH BARCROFT, F.R.S.,
13, Grange Road, Cambridge

DEAR SIR JOSEPH.—Only when experiments such as you have conducted are made public does the layman realise, though even then vaguely, the sacrifices made by scientists in the cause of research.

You lived for a week in a sealed glass case to study the effects of lack of oxygen.

You repeatedly risked death to add to scientific knowledge of breathing. You tested prussic acid gas by staying in a gas-filled chamber. Before war began you sat in air-raid shelters while bombs burst near by. That was to test blast.

Now you have been chosen by the Royal Society to receive the Copley Medal, an award which originated in 1709.

It is richly merited. But even better deserved are the thanks of the men and women who have benefited as a result of your perilous research.

Too much such work goes on unappreciated and unseen.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN ROBERTSON,
Chief Constable, Renfrewshire

DEAR SIR.—Samuel Johnson, whose quip, "The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the highroad that leads him to England," is a joke we both can share, also wrote: "Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young."

This latter comment should appeal to you, for your idea, of handling hapless young offenders is to treat 'em rough.

You told a Youth Conference at Greenock that birching as it is done to-day is not harsh enough. "If I had my choice," you said, "I would use a green birch and I would cut them with it. They would not come back to the Court again."

Corporal punishment of young offenders—whose offences usually are due to devilry and not to inherent badness—is an anachronism.

It is anti-social, a stupid relic of the days when the Law took every opportunity to inflict harsh and painful punishment on its victims.

I don't know what the people of Renfrewshire will think of your opinions. But I regard them as stupid, dangerous and intolerable. And I'm glad no high-spirited boy friends of mine live in the police area you control.—JOHN BULL.

★ An amazing thing happened on a little armed trawler—something that sent a U-boat to her doom after a thrilling chase

IN the grey sea wilderness off the North-East coast of Scotland, which German map-makers call the German Ocean and we name the North Sea, the little armed trawler was poking about on its daily and nightly business.

A convoy had passed that way, and a torpedo attack had been made, fortunately unsuccessfully. But the route was one which the Germans knew we used regularly. The U-boat might be expected to loiter around there; and trawlers, like policemen, do not permit loitering.

The trawler nosed around, and men sat earnestly at the hydrophones, listening for the undersea murmur of a U-boat's engines.

Suddenly, one of the listeners murmured in an absorbed tone: "I've got it, I think!"

And he had. At least, he had heard it, and that was the first step.

In the trawler's engine-room, the bell rang urgently. The engines jumped into full life; and off the stern of the circling vessel, four depth-charges slid along their rails and into the sea, in diamond formation. Then the trawler went off at top speed to avoid being engulfed in the ruin she was trying to cause.

The charges went down and exploded, hurling up tons of water. The U-boat plates were loosened, water penetrated her hull, some of her sensitive gear was damaged; her men were flung down, bleeding at ears and mouth.

Her captain did the only thing left—he surfaced to fight it out, for the damage already done imperilled his craft, and another depth-charge would finish her off.

Why hesitate to surface, anyway? His big guns and trained naval seamen could easily outfight this handful of pirates in their silly cockboat.

The trawlermen saw the U-boat break surface; and even as she did so, her guns began to thump. Not one whit behind, the trawler gunners spat on their hands and got right down to this fighting business.

FAST LITTLE SHIP

So the U-boat turned for home. That was all right. The U-boat commander laughed as he saw the trawler get down to the job of pursuit. He knew he had a surface speed of 17 knots. Trawlers do not usually have a speed of much more than 12 to 14 knots.

As a matter of fact, this was a fast little ship, and she had, on her trials, done 15 knots. But trials at sea are funny things; the makers strip the boat and dope the engines, and 15 knots on trials means 13½ or 14 on business, as a rule.

However, the Skipper called down to Len Westerden in the engine-room, explained the situation, and asked whether they were going to let the so-and-so get away. He did not expect an answer to the question; certainly he did not suppose it would be answered in the negative.

A shell from the U-boat landed fair and square aboard the trawler, with a smack enough to knock the guts out of her. Down below, Westerden heard the explosion, but that did not stop him piling up pressure.

The U-boat began to draw away a little, and I expect that the battered men aboard her felt they might soon relax. They had shown the dirty English trawler a thing or two.

SHE MOVED!

But something was happening aboard the trawler that must have made the German commander scratch his shaven head.

Bumping and shaking like a heart-patient going up a steep hill, she was picking up her heels and coming along at 15 knots—at 15½ knots.

The U-boat put forth all her strength, and presently worked herself up to her trials maximum—17 knots. It was wonderful going, after a long sea voyage, and despite the damage she had suffered from the depth-charges.

The German gunners, feeling very confident, put another shell smack into the trawler. They would show her

whether she could make a Nazi warship run like a kicked curl!

It was a good shot, too. It opened the side of the trawler, and let water flow into her. The extra weight did not do her speed any good. Worst than that, water entered the engine-room, where Westerden and his men were already doing the impossible.

The Skipper, by this time, felt that his shift was on the race. The U-boat was drawing away again, going flat out, without another ounce of speed in her. 17 knots; the trawler was now doing a shade under 16; she was vibrating so that men's voices were shaken when they spoke, and it seemed certain that, in another mile or two, she would simply shake herself to pieces and sink.

And just then another shell caught her.

The Skipper left the bridge, and clambered down into the engine-room, while the First Officer carried on in his place.

"We've got to crack on speed a bit, Mr. Westerden," he said, staring round

with narrowed eyes at the bursting gauges.

The place was steaming like a boiling kettle. Every joint was hissing, and the noise of the thrusting rods was terrific. "What can you give me?" the Captain asked.

Westerden grinned. "I can give you two more knots—whack her up to 18, sir. But I'm thinking it'll burst her open if I do. Still, we can't let them get away with it now!"

Westerden waded over to make adjustments. The rising water was already to his knees. The engines began to move faster—faster—FASTER.

NOTHING STOPPED HER

Very slowly, but mercilessly, the battered trawler began to overhaul her quarry. The U-boat started a desperate fusillade. It did not stop the trawler.

Then the weather, which had been hazy, began to thicken. It looked as if the enemy might slip away yet. She tried to reach a bank of cloud low over the water.



Her magnificent engines outstripped by three and a half knots their trial speed as the trawler shuddered on to victory

Battered, Holed—but Winning

By Commodore G. PURSEY PHILLIPS



"She's two and a half knots over trials maximum, sir," Westerden said. Shall I pile on a bit more?"

The Skipper stared at the cloudbanks. "Yes—more!" he said curtly under the tube.

17½ knots . . . 18 . . . 18 . . . 18½ . . . It could now plainly be seen, down in the engine-room, that the engines were shifting bodily in their beds. God bless the men who built those engines! They must have put honest work into every nut and bolt and casting of them, or they would have blown the trawler to bits.

THE GUNS SPOKE

For the first time in that extended battle of more than twelve hectic hours, the trawlermen were getting within effective range.

WHACK!

The submarine caught a packet bang into her conning-tower, which opened like a split can.

WHACK-WHACK!

Her gun leered drunkenly Heavenward, and the toylike figures round it were flung this way and that.

WHACK-WHACK-WHACK. . .

The long, slender U-boat cocked her stern up suddenly. Then it plunged down, till the bows were right out of the water at 45 degrees—and then the hull slid swiftly backwards down into the water, and vanished, with a last shell from the trawler crack into the bows as they went.

She did not come up again; but a single vast and sickly bubble, burst on the surface, throwing out broken wreckage, bits of clothing, and a thick and dense oil patch that widened and widened and widened.

FIVE INCHES OUT

The trawler's engines stopped. She was in a sinking condition, holed, battered, bloody—but triumphant.

The engines had shifted 5 in. from their beds. For a ship, that is about the same as if a man's heart shifted an inch or two in his body, as the result of some terrible strain.

Westerden almost held those engines together in his arms, and somehow she made port. Her pumps were still clacking as she crept in, trying to keep the water down that threatened to sink her.

Westerden got the Distinguished Service Medal. And then the trawler, patched and serviced, went back to her job again.

These Pilots Fought Without Wings

FIRST of the aerial battles, the grandfather of all air scraps, the overture to war in the air, was fought out over the roofs of Paris in the year 1870.

It happened during the Franco-Prussian War, when Paris, besieged by the German army, was cut off from all outside communications.

★ ★ ★

But they had reckoned without M. Felix Tournachan, who at six o'clock one fine morning stepped into the basket of a weird contraption known as a balloon, the dream of lunatics who thought that man could conquer the air.

M. Tournachan proposed to lift the siege of Paris by operating a fleet of balloons to and from Tours, with messages and provisions.

He was—if you care to put it like that—the first Commander-in-Chief of the French Air Force!

It was at Tours that he stepped into the basket of his balloon.

Five hours later he had covered upwards of eighty miles, and found himself over the outskirts of Paris at a height of 10,000 ft.

He was about to descend when he spotted another balloon, also flying the Tricolor, converging on him.

The balloons approached to within a few yards of each other, and M. Tournachan was about to shout a few remarks and questions to the occupant of the near-by basket when to his astonishment the pilot dragged in the Tricolor and unfurled a Prussian war banner.

★ ★ ★

Before M. Tournachan could recover from this earlier display of German trickery, the other pilot had produced a pistol and taken a pot shot at him.

The whee-e of the bullet awakened M. Tournachan very quickly and very thoroughly!

Dragging out his own heavy pistol he returned the fire.

The foothold in the balloon baskets cannot have been ideal for duelling.

because the two airmen, though continuing their firing as rapidly as they could reload, failed to draw blood.

★ ★ ★

Meanwhile the battle still waging furiously, the balloons drifted downwards to within close sight of the people in the streets of Paris.

By this time M. Tournachan had succeeded in shooting off the Prussian airman's cap, and the Prussian had succeeded in severing one of M. Tournachan's rigging ropes—but all this was getting them no nearer a decision.

It was then that M. Tournachan showed evidence of a strategic brain.

Steadying the barrel of his pistol on his other arm, he took careful aim—and planted bullet after bullet into the gasbag of his opponent's craft.

The Prussian balloon dropped below his vision, then quickened its downward plunge.

M. Tournachan, C-in-C. French Air Force, had destroyed the German air menace!

PATRICK SPENCER.

Big Things in the Pacific

We are going to smother Japan by sheer weight of supplies and men!

By A. G. GARDINER

MUSSOLINI is knocked out of the ring. Hitler is slumping against the ropes. What of the third member of the Trinity of Evil? What of Tojo? What is he thinking as the second anniversary of Pearl Harbour approaches, as he sees the net of doom closing in on his ally?

The fundamental weakness of the Axis is that it has never been a coherent whole. It has operated in two watertight compartments. Sea power has kept them six thousand miles apart, and neither belligerent has been able to establish contact with the other.

There was one giddy moment when the breach seemed about to be bridged. Hitler was at the gates of the Suez and deep in the Caucasus. Tojo was in the Indian Ocean. The two were racing to clasp hands in the Middle East.

But that moment passed with Alamein and Stalingrad. It will never return. For all practical purposes Hitler and Tojo might be fighting on different planets. Neither can help to save the other.

This does not mean that Tojo is unconcerned about what happens to Hitler. He is very deeply concerned.

For when Hitler ceases to be Public Enemy No. 1, Tojo will be raised to that bad eminence, and the whole might of the victorious Allies will descend upon him. And he knows what that implies.

For things have not been going well for Tojo, even against the very limited forces he has so far encountered.

We see to-day the wisdom of Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt in refusing to be drawn off their chief quarry in those hectic days when the Japanese swarmed over the Pacific like a devouring pestilence.

The temptation was great, for the danger seemed instant and overwhelming. But it would have been fatal to yield to it.

For victory over Japan at the price of relieving the pressure on Germany would have lost us the war, while victory over Germany means that victory over Japan "follows as the night the day."

So we reserved our hammer-blows for Hitler, and stood on the defensive against Tojo. And events have marvellously justified this most crucial strategic decision of the war. For Germany, as Stalin says, is on the brink of defeat, and Tojo himself is now on the defensive.

The peril to Australia has quite definitely passed. The threat to India has become negligible.

THE SOLOMONS HAVE BEEN CAPTURED AT ONE END OF THE PACIFIC AND THE ALEUTIANS AT THE OTHER. NEW GUINEA IS MAINLY IN OUR HANDS.

The Japanese hold on Burma is only maintained at ruinous cost to the enemy. It is no longer an asset to Tojo: it is a liability—a liability that, with his diminishing resources, is bleeding him white.



Though he has more medals than Goering, he's not looking very happy these days

The Indian Ocean is no longer menaced. Tojo's warships will never penetrate to the Bay of Bengal again. They have urgent tasks nearer home.

And meanwhile a still unconquered China lies along the whole flank of Japan's battle-line.

That mighty potentiality only awaits the plentiful supply of the materials of war which

is coming to smother the Japanese by sheer weight of its millions of seasoned warriors.

All this has happened while only a tithe of the martial power of the Allies has been available for dealing with the junior partners of the Axis. Why? How has it come about that a Power which made such a devastating and triumphant onrush to battle has suffered this decline?

Japan's early successes were due to surprise, treachery and preparedness on one side, and total, almost criminal, unpreparedness on the other.

I remember in those terrific days, when we were staggering under the lightning blows that rained on us, taking comfort in these columns in three reflections:

That the world could not be won by blitzkrieg methods. Germany had tried it and failed, and there was far more staying power behind the German lightning than the Japanese.

That Japan had bitten off far more than she could chew and would perish of indigestion.

That her communications were so appallingly extended that she would be destroyed at her extremities.

I was convinced that sea power, air power and productive power would be the decisive factors, and that in all these essentials we should, once the blitz had exhausted itself, establish overwhelming supremacy.

Events have confirmed these calculations. Japan is fighting her war thousands of miles from her base—in the Solomons, in the Bismarck Archipelago, in New Guinea, in Burma.

We are far from our base, too, but behind our battle-fronts are the great bulwarks of Australia and India. And our seaways for supply are unchallenged.

But the supplies of Japan have to traverse thousands of miles of vulnerable sea

Such Men Are Dangerous

THERE is no longer much fear abroad of those winged Nazis who once hoped to terrorise the world with big bombers.

Nobody has now much reason to fear the Panzer Grenadiers, the Black Guard shock troops, or even the underwater pirates of the U-boats.

Yet there are now coming to the surface two very active classes of Germans who are genuinely and increasingly dangerous.

We have seen some of them turning up unexpectedly in neutral countries under many pretexts.

One was a Nazi journalist who said that he was convinced Germany had lost the war. He wanted to give information.

Another was a business man who naively explained that he and his friends were worried about their investments in Germany—in case she lost the war.

Others are wives of well-known Nazi leaders who prefer the air of neutral countries to the unhealthy climate of a crumbling Germany.

These are the rats who are leaving the sinking ship.

They were quite happy and satisfied with fate while German troops marched from victory to victory over weaker and unprepared opponents.

Now their loyalty is no longer to the Fuehrer. They want to save their skins, and—even more contemptible—their money.

They want to escape the consequences of over four years of faithful fellowship with the Nazis.

There will be more of them as the inevitable defeat of Germany draws closer.

Beware of these fair-weather friends of the Allies and of Democracy who now crowd into neutral countries.

And beware of a second class of Germans who produce representatives with high-sounding and impressive names and backgrounds that seem to command attention.

They are the peace-peddlers who, too, have realised that the German game is up and who want to secure for themselves a place in the Allied sun before it is too late and before

they are carried away by the general German collapse.

Kuehlmann, a former German Minister, is one of them. He has arrived in Sweden with peace proposals. To Ankara came one of the notorious Nazi quislings, Guido Schmidt—the man who betrayed Schuschnigg to Hitler—his pockets bulging with similar plans.

In Switzerland and in Spain, in Portugal and even in South America—in every neutral country—similar shady individuals are turning up.

They claim to represent the Generals, the Junkers, the Catholics—or any other Party whose existence may be feasible inside Germany.

Remember that they would have been in concentration camps or executed long ago if they had disclosed a shadow of proof that they were enemies of the Third Reich.

When the time comes for genuine Germans to make peace, you will probably not know their names. They belong to that small, undaunted band of underground fighters whose anonymity alone is saving their lives and their services in the cause of peace.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Pacific

routes, with the result that her transport suffers devastating losses by aircraft and submarine—losses altogether beyond Japan's powers of replacement.

* * *

In the present phase of the war, however, it is Allied air supremacy which is the most sensational fact. Here Japan is utterly out-classed. The great naval battles of Midway Island and the Bismarck Sea were won from the air.

The seas of the Solomons are littered with the wreckage of ships and planes destroyed by our airmen. Japan has only to send reinforcements of aircraft to Rabaul to lose them.

Hundreds are destroyed on the ground, as though the warning system is imperfect. But when interception is attempted the results are no better.

THE JAP PLANES GO DOWN 10-1, 20-1, 30-1, EVEN 50-1. THEY FALL LIKE LEAVES BEFORE AN AUTUMN WIND.

This foreshadows the end. Do not suppose that what is happening in and about the Solomons is trifling. Do not suppose that the war there is a tiresome matter of hopping from island to island. Something much bigger is taking place.

Japan is being driven out of the skies of the Pacific as Germany is being driven out of the skies of Europe.

* * *

When that is accomplished, her warships will be helpless targets for our guns and our planes. She will be blown from the face of the waters as she is now being blown out of the skies.

She will perish at her extremities for lack of supplies. The islands will fall, not one by one, not by direct conquest, but altogether, from sheer exhaustion.

Burma will go by the same reckoning. And with the Burma Road open again, the mighty potentiality of China will at last be released against the monstrous brood that has tortured her and sucked her blood for six long years.

Then will come the hour of retribution for Tokyo. It will not come until Berlin has sounded the depths, but it will come inexorably then.

For around the last survivor of the Axis will be assembled all the embattled might of the earth—victorious Britain, victorious America, victorious Russia, victorious China. Leagued together to cleanse the earth of the last remnant of the Trinity of Evil that has made a shambles of the world.

In the doom that is closing in on Hitler, Tojo will see the foreshadowing of his own fate. He is not likely to feel any pity for his partner in crime, for he will remember that Hitler played him false in the crisis of his life.

Had he known that the attack on Moscow had failed at the very moment that Hitler was persuading him to come into the war, it is probable that there would have been no Pearl Harbour.

And Tojo knows to-day that Pearl Harbour was worse than a crime. It was a blunder.

AS, at the Mansion House last week, I heard the Prime Minister dismiss, almost cynically, any "easy dreams of a brave new world," my mind turned to the 5,000,000 old people—women over sixty and men over sixty-five—who will never live to see it even if it comes.

Of these, 3,500,000 are old age pensioners. That is, after having served the community all their lives, either as workers outside the homes or as housewives and mothers, they are entitled to receive from a grateful and beneficent State 10s. a week.

They wonder, millions of them, why it is that in New Zealand the pension is 30s. a week, three times as much, and that in that Dominion, which has a Socialist Government, pensioners are also entitled to earn £1 a week without being penalised.

Yet, in rich, powerful, strong England, which is always boasting that it is the parent of social services, no fewer than 750,000 people over pensionable age are compelled by force of circumstances to go out to earn their living!

HAPPY COUNTRY

In New Zealand the pensions scheme is so simple that anyone can understand it. Here it is so complicated that no fewer than three Ministries have a hand in its administration.

When, in 1908, the old age pension scheme was forced through Parliament, it was only after we had heard for years the phrase, "It will pauperise the community."

Only the voice of public opinion, which clamoured for a score of years, compelled a Tory Government to grant the concession.

Then Parliament was so generous as to give a man of seventy five whole shillings a week all at once!

Even this, though, was hedged round with scores of limitations. If he wanted any more, he had to go to the Poor Law.

In 1919, the pension was increased to 10s., but that was only because the first Great War had sent up the cost of living 200 per cent.

Now the cost of living is probably four times what it was in 1914.

Yet the pension allowed to an aged person not entitled to a supplementary grant because of his savings or income derived from personal or family sources is only twice what it was.

So it is that 3,500,000 old age pensioners, in the middle of a war which is costing us over £14,000,000 a day, are still demanding the 30s. a week which New Zealand has been paying for the last four years.

They hold meetings all over the place. At these the most pitiful stories are told. Yet nothing ever happens.

KING'S SHILLING

Every now and then these old age pensioners read of some such case as that reported last week, when, by six votes to three, the Saddleworth Council decided to forward a strong protest to the West Riding County Council against the payment to Sir Charles McGrath, former clerk to the county authority, of a superannuation allowance of £70 a week!

Councillor Charlesworth protested how wrong it was to vote a man such a stupendous amount of money when, within the West Riding of Yorkshire, there were innumerable people whose life just oscillated between life and death.

"People who throughout their lives have known nothing but strife and degeneration," he said, "are fobbed off with a meagre 10s. per week when they came to the eventide of their days, plus what amount the means test inquisition may allow them."

And the crying scandal of this is that, as ratepayers, old age pensioners drawing only 10s. a week will have to be contributors to this former clerk's pension of £70 a week!

At times you hear the most cynical phrases used by the old people. When there was talk of "a new social order" and the "brave new world" a few days ago, one old man in the East End said: "Before we see that we shall

have cold feet and a wooden overcoat."

You must not dismiss these people as shiftless, idle, and lazy.

One West Ham man, wanting to do some war work, went along to the Employment Exchange, said he was just over sixty-five, and got a job as a cleaner.

"It's the best job I've had for years," he went back and reported. He felt, however, he should make a confession. "Actually," he added, "I'm eighty-two."

It is actually used against thousands of old age pensioners that they have saved money! Even their thrift becomes a penalty.

People do not understand the extent to which, even in 1943, we are governed by dead ideas.

A British soldier, after violent clamour, has at last been paid 2s. 6d. a day. This, in contrast to the 6s. paid to an Australian and the 7s. paid to an American.

Lloyd George, a few months ago, explained this to me. Soldiers were offered 1s. a day, he said, long ago because it was high enough to attract farm workers from the land. With their food and clothing and shelter it was more than a man could earn by growing food.

YOU HAVE TO DIE

So, really, we are chained still to that conception of what a man is worth even if he has to die for his country while getting it.

And our attitude towards the old age pensioner is still governed by ideas that belong to the early Victorian period, when, in the words of Disraeli, there were two nations—the rich rulers, and all the others.

A few had all the privileges, and the millions merely worked.



The next time they go to No. 10, they should come away with really good news

THE OLD FOLK'S FIGHT By Swaffer

The workers, who were the only ones without which a nation could not continue, were preached down at by parsons and treated, even in churches where it was boasted that in the sight of God all men were equal, as inferior clay.

They were told, indeed, to keep themselves in their place.

The Anglican catechism, still printed in the Prayer Book, instructs people that "My duty towards my neighbour is . . . not to covet nor desire other men's goods, but to learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me."

Mind you, this is not the attitude of most clergymen to-day.

THE ARCHBISHOP

Many champion the Primate's demand for an order of society in which men serve the community without the profit-motive being the one dominating idea.

But, meanwhile, 3,500,000 old people see in the Primate's crusade nothing that will benefit them.

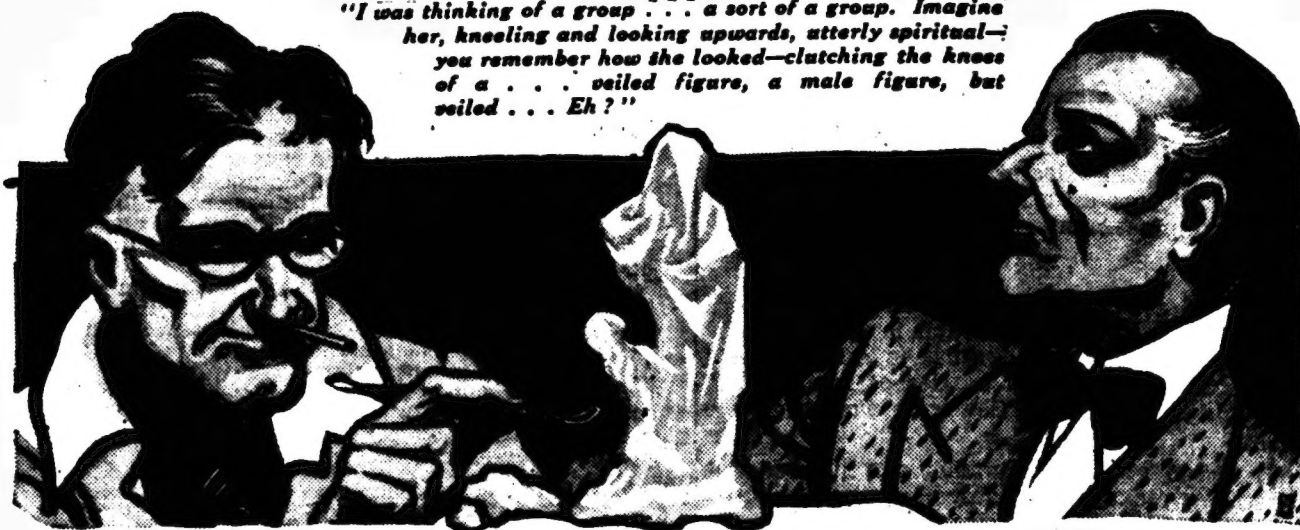
To-day is their day of salvation, not a far-off age which they will never live to see.

Frankly, we must face up to this fact—that generous pensions, granted at the age of sixty at the latest, are an essential part of the solution of the unemployment problem.

We want not a subsistence pension but a retirement pension, one that a man or a woman has earned by long years of toil.

Indeed, our tackling of this problem is the first step towards a national minimum wage, the proper utilisation of man-power, and the problem of a leisured age.

"John Bull's" Short Story by Gerald Kersh



"I was thinking of a group . . . a sort of a group. Imagine her, kneeling and looking upwards, utterly spiritual—you remember how she looked—clutching the knees of a . . . veiled figure, a male figure, but veiled . . . Eh?"

The Memorial

What did the Actor really have in mind when he called on the Sculptor?

"HE was so lovely," said the Actor. "She was the loveliest thing."

The Sculptor nodded.

"The loveliest, sweetest thing. I never lived before I knew her. She—oddly enough—never lived before she knew me. When she died, I died too. Actually, you know, my heart is in the coffin there with her. It was love, real love. Not passion, not infatuation—love. I could have any woman in the world, old as I am, but—"

"Old?" said the Sculptor, with an incredulous smile.

"Very old," said the Actor.

The Sculptor laughed; then the Actor smiled. "Getting on in years, anyway," he said, and looked sideways at his reflection in the long mirror. Seeing that he was smiling, he paused, composed his face, coughed, and then clenched his hands in grief.

"Old," he said again, very firmly, "old and tired. You know me. Why should I pretend?"

"For twenty-five years I have been a kind of symbol . . . a symbol of the lover, the gentleman, the gentle English lover."

"To women I always represented the ideal English gentleman. I believe that men modelled themselves upon what I used to be, because women chose me as a criterion. . . . I mean, me in the parts I played, the parts I interpreted—me as I was."

"Was?"

"Well, perhaps still am. Silly women, eh?"

"Silly?"

"Well, perhaps not entirely silly. I did set a standard, I think?"

"You were, and still are, the World's Lover," said the Sculptor.

"NONSENSE," said the Actor, smiling at his reflection. "Well, you knew her. She was lovely: sweet, fresh, young, talented, intelligent. She had an analytical brain. She had an insight into men. If she had lived . . . God, she might have reached any height!"

"She could see, in a flash, things that it took other people years to learn. Instinctively, she saw the finest things in the chaos of everyday life. She had a wisdom . . . a strange, deep wisdom."

"She looked upon me as the greatest and finest man the Lord ever made. Silly girl! You knew her, anyway. . . ."

"Yes," said the Sculptor. He looked at the photographs on the table; idly picked up one and scrutinised it, his head on one side.

It depicted a puffy-faced, thin girl with light hair; an unhealthy little girl with indented cheeks and a weak bosom jacked up by a brassiere into something like two ginger-ale bottles. "Yes, yes indeed. . . ."

"You understand, then, why I feel as I do. I am an old, old man—"

"Nonsense!"

"Yes," said the Actor, "I am getting on. I am fifty." He was sixty, but looked about fifty-five.

"Affection," said the Sculptor. "You're not a day older than forty-four . . . a deceptive forty-four."

"Bah! But what was I saying? Yes, she loved me, and I loved her. She had an insight into things. She worshipped the ground I walked on. God knows why. I don't."

"And now . . . all that grace, all that beauty, all that clear-thinking intelligence—gone, just gone. God, how

awful! She was born, she loved, she died—that should be her epitaph. Yes. . . . She was born, she loved, she died. Not bad, that."

"Very good indeed."

"Honestly? I could have been a writer if I'd put my mind to it. Not a great writer, no; but a writer, a kind of a scribbler of sorts. But what am I? Only a player, an actor. Hm. . . ."

"But I was saying: I want you to make her a monument, something beautiful and symbolic. Will you?"

"Yes, I'd be glad."

"Would you say granite?"

"That depends, you know."

"Of course. I want something to endure for ever and ever; something that Time can't get at. Imperishable bronze—"

"Bronze comes dear, of course."

"Does that matter?"

"Well, no," said the Sculptor.

"I'm glad you see it as I do. Well, let's decide. I was thinking of a group . . . a sort of a group. Imagine her, kneeling and looking upwards, utterly spiritual—you remember how she looked—clutching the knees of a . . . a veiled figure, a male figure, but veiled . . . Eh?"

"Uh-hm!"

" . . . And the epitaph: She was born, she loved, she died. Eh?"

HUMAN MACHINE

We Can Learn—If We Will

● Human beings are fundamentally rational beings. To be a rational being means that you can think and reason.

It means that you can—or at least you have the ability to—connect cause and effect. It means that you can look back, regard the present, see a little into the future, and alter things for the better.

In other words, the fact that you are a human being means that you can learn—if you will.

Whether you will or not is up to you. Quite a lot of people don't seem to be in any hurry to become rational.

Real learning is not always easy. It often means discarding ideas and beliefs that we have come to regard almost as part of the universe. It's often a very painful process.

It not infrequently means that we have to be brave enough to defy the unthinking and beliefs of others.

Men once said that slavery couldn't be abolished; but it was abolished. They said plague couldn't be abolished; but it was. They said child labour couldn't be ended; but it was ended.

Right through history mankind has proved that, in the mass, it is rational and teachable. But never forget that the mass is only as teachable as the individual unit.

You can help or hinder. You do, in fact, help or hinder, according as you keep your mind open or closed to the lessons life daily puts before you.

As long as you are willing to think about new ideas you can be taught. As long as you are willing to believe that all your ideas are not necessarily the final word of truth you can learn.

But if once you fail to do this, you are nothing but a hindrance to the progress of the whole race.

"Why not? But tell me, what do you fancy? Bronze? Marble? Granite?"

"Bronze comes dear, you say."

"Yes, but after all—"

"Of course. Is marble cheaper?"

"A good deal, yes."

"And it lasts well?"

The Sculptor said: "The Elgin marbles have lasted centuries and centuries."

"Yes!" cried the Actor. "That's just what I want for her. Centuries and centuries. Yes, yes, good God, yes! But how much would this be in, say, marble?"

"The group? The lady and the veiled figure? Roughly, call it three thousand pounds."

"I beg pardon?"

"About three thousand, say."

"But why?"

"Why?" said the Sculptor. "Because of my work."

"But, my dear fellow!" exclaimed the Actor.

THE Sculptor shrugged and said: "If you want something cheap, why not go to a monumental mason? Why come to me?"

"Because I want immortality for her," said the Actor, with a charming smile. The Sculptor smiled also. "I have

to live, you understand," he said. "And why should I charge less than I'd get from anybody else?"

"I'm not a rich man."

"Oh come, come—you got forty thousand pounds for your last film."

"And tax? Income-tax? What about that?"

"I also have to pay taxes," said the Sculptor.

"Mmm," said the Actor. "Ah . . . hm . . ." He was silent. He thought for a long time, looking at the pictures on the table. "And say it were just one figure?" he said. "Just her, with outstretched arms. Eh?"

"Ah—well, call it about fifteen hundred," said the Sculptor.

"And say it was done in that whitish limestone stuff?"

"Look," the Sculptor said. "It isn't the material so much as the work. Don't you see? They pay for you in a play, not for somebody else: you pay for me in a lump of stone, whatever it is. See?"

"I'm not a mean man," said the Actor. "But she . . . she . . . I only want to do what she would have preferred. She was not an extravagant girl. She was . . . you don't know how wonderful she was? She wanted me to—"

"To what?"

"Nothing. She wanted me to—"

"Well?"

"Nothing. She wanted me to get myself done in stone. Silly girl, dear silly girl! As if I count! She is the one. You say fifteen hundred for her alone, eh?"

"That, or thereabout, roughly."

"Put it this way: say, instead of a veiled figure, there was a statue of me with her. It would be rather sensational, you know. It'd go down terribly well, don't you think?"

"My dear sir—"

"Yes, of course, I know. I don't need that kind of thing. But I was thinking of what she'd have liked best. We were together, you see . . . she died in my arms. . . . Fifteen hundred pounds is a lot of money, a shocking lot of money. . . ."

The Sculptor said nothing. The Actor lit his pipe, and sat, stroking his chin.

"LOOK," he said, at last. "It was almost her dying wish. Say there was a statue of me, bowed in grief, like this. . . ." He struck an attitude. "And underneath her name and epitaph: erected by me to her eternal memory. Eh?"

"You might do that," said the Sculptor.

"A thousand?"

"Fifteen hundred."

"Oh, look. Let's say twelve-fifty. Yes?"

"Fifteen hundred."

"Bronze. Imperishable bronze?"

"Marble."

"Make it bronze!"

"I can do you in bronze for twenty-two hundred and fifty."
"It had better be marble. An attitude of utter grief, eh? And in my hand a tablet with her name and epitaph, with dates of birth, etcetera? Yes?"

"All right."
"When can you start?"
The Sculptor looked at a notebook. "Next Saturday, at twelve?"
"I can come then. Will you make sketches?"

"Yes."
They shook hands. "Until then," said the Actor.
They went to the door. The Actor put on his famous, shabby little hat and said, "Good day." The Sculptor slouched back into the studio.

A minute or two later there was a ringing of the doorbell. The Actor had returned. He laid a hand on the Sculptor's arm.

"A sort of calm repose," he said. "A kind of controlled power, eh?"

"Leave it to me," said the Sculptor. "An inner sorrow . . . yes? An anguish . . ."

"Yes, yes."
"I'll send you a picture of me as Richard II. Keep that in front of you. That . . . but a shade more strength. Looking upwards—she'd prefer that. Perhaps a skull at my feet? Eh? Well, well, I leave it all to you. Oh, and by the way—"

"Yes?"
"The epitaph, and all that."
"Well?"

"A LITTLE ostentatious, perhaps? Vulgar display of grief, and so on? Not quite in keeping, would you say? Rather much, possibly? People would talk . . . or would they. Not that one cares what people say, but would it be altogether in good taste—oneself, as it were. . . . What?"
The Sculptor said, with something like a sneer: "Shall I cut out the idea of the epitaph, then?"
"Yes, cut it out," said the Actor. "She'd prefer that. Me, plain and unaffected. Yes? Well, God bless, then, Until Saturday, dear boy. Good-bye!"

You Can't Pick the Pattern Up!

I WAS watching my grandson the other day. He's reached the advanced stage where he can roll from one side of the carpet to the other. He can say "Gai." He thinks a cup of milk is something to slap, good and hard. A queer life, but it seems to satisfy him.

The other day I was watching him trying to pick up the pattern off the carpet. He gave up ten minutes of his busy career to it, and when it didn't work he wanted to fight the carpet.

Thinking about it, it saddened me a bit to realise that he's going to waste quite a lot of his time in the years to come. Just as I've wasted a lot of mine in the years gone by. Or rather, it's going to be wasted for him, just as mine was wasted for me.

The things he's going to learn. . . . And the things I've forgotten. . . .

There's much more sense in the education of a pup than there is in the education of a child. A pup learns to walk, run, eat, drink, bury a bone, scratch and bark; then it's a dog, with nothing more to worry about except to keep on being a dog.

But a child has to learn all about 1066 A.D. and why steam comes out of a kettle, and what the wool exports of Australia amount to each year, and why nobody lives on the moon, and why any-

HERE in the heart of war time Britain is a lost legion.

It is a lost legion of children. It is made up mainly of children, aged five to fourteen, whose parents have dumped them in the country under official evacuation schemes and disappeared.

Hundreds of them have heard nothing from their mothers and fathers since the big "blitzes" of three years ago.

To them must be added the youngsters evacuated since, and just as shamelessly abandoned.

Grave Problem

Altogether, in the view of many responsible evacuation officials, they number thousands.

There is nobody to send them pocket-money. It is no wonder that some of them resort to petty pilfering.

Nobody contributes to their keep—or even their clothes.

The years pass even without evidence that their parents are alive.

And they look like becoming a grave sociological problem before anything is done about it.

If they were foundlings abandoned on a doorstep, the whole machinery of the law would be working on their behalf.

There would be a hue and cry for their parents.

Plenty of people would be anxious to receive them as their own. There have never been more people anxious to adopt children.

Adoption would only be permitted after the most thorough inquiry.

But these children, it appears, represent one of those war time problems that must wait until the war is over.

body lives in Stoke Newington, and goodness knows what else.

Millions and millions of facts. I look back on them. My grandson will have to look forward to them.

If he starts to ask me what the wool exports of Australia amount to each year I'll be sunk. And if he ever wants me to tell him why steam comes out of a kettle I shall have to look stern and tell him I'm busy.

Most of the facts that were pumped into me years ago have pumped themselves out since childhood. Most of the facts that will be pumped into him will have a similar fate.

I wish we could find a means of getting round that waste of time. A pup never learns what will be no use to it. A child learns little else.

There doesn't seem to be any pattern to human life. It's so haphazard.

I put this point to Smith this morning.

"What—you a grandfather too?" said Smith. "So am I. And did we have a time when the news came through! I'd got two bottles of pre-war put away for the Peace. But we opened them then instead."

"I don't know what happened, but at three o'clock in the morning I was in the sitting-room on all fours, trying to pick up the pattern off the carpet. It was a night."

I give it up. . . .

A. G.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Lost Legion of Children

Their indifferent parents must be traced now



Which may mean waiting until the war time registration system which has made it easier to trace missing people has come to an end.

And until the tremendous war time demand from people who want to adopt children has come to an end, too.

Liverpool's Lead

Billeting officers in all big reception areas know of these children. Most of them have lost children on their hands.

They are the concern of the authority which evacuated them, and too many of those authorities plead that the shortage of man-power is such that they can't be eternally engaged in searching for defaulting parents.

Liverpool is one of many enlightened authorities that don't think that way.

It has hunted down many of these parents.

It has brought some of them to a sense of their responsibility to their deserted children.

Not all of these parents are really bad. It is just that the war has temporarily destroyed their sense of values.

Future Dangers

The Ministry of Health has tried and is trying to measure the size of the problem.

The Ministry takes the view that we must wait until evacuation is ended at the end of the war before we can be certain how many children are affected.

And true it is that when South Shields made inquiry on behalf of its own lost children it found that most of them had lost their mothers in air-raids and their fathers at sea.

But we must let no difficulties stand in the way

It is believed that some of these mites are the victims of women who have formed war time attachments while their men are away fighting, and who have possibly never been told that their children have been stranded in this disgraceful way.

Others were unwanted children when the war broke out.

But these parents, where alive, must be traced.

We must begin tracing them now, even if it calls for the creation of special machinery on a national scale.

Otherwise the day will come when we shall be treating these children as anti-social, or even criminal, when the fault, all the time, will be ours.

JOHN BULL

WHY ARE THEY HOLDING BACK COAL?

THERE is no shortage of coal yet. I give that information for the benefit of people whose coal merchants are refusing them supplies.

One merchant told a reader the other day: "We know you are out of coal, but we couldn't let you have a sack even if you produced a doctor's certificate."

That was a very big London firm. Actually, they had at that moment depot stocks of vast amounts of coal.

Imaginary Shortage

We told the Ministry of Fuel so.

The Ministry confirmed, without giving figures, that the merchant in question had big enough stocks to meet all legitimate orders.

Another big merchant told a consumer: "I haven't been able to let weekly purchasers have coal for three weeks."

Now weekly purchasers are priority customers.

If weekly customers can't get coal—unless, of course, frost or bad weather or the illness of the roundsman is the reason—one can assume the coal shortage to be indeed bad.

But we have confirmed, again, that that dealer had plenty of coal.

What is behind it all?

Just this: There are coal merchants who are creating a wholly imaginary coal shortage.

It may be, if the winter is hard, that there will not be enough for domestic consumers.

That point has not been reached, and certainly won't be reached for some time.

One dealer has discontinued a weekly round on the grounds that the Ministry of Labour won't let him have horse-drivers for his vans.

The Ministry of Labour can have his name if it likes. That is not my point at this moment.

All I want to say is that those priority weekly buyers, who had every reason to believe that they could have their hundredweight a week regularly, can no longer get it.

They are told they can buy in bigger quantities.

Too Late to Change

But the change forced on them came too late for them to lay in big winter supplies, as advised by the Fuel Minister.

And now they are being told by their merchant: "We've got no coal."

It is the Coal Merchants' Federation which worked out the present plan for distributing coal.

The Ministry of Fuel approved the plan and looks to members of the federation to work it efficiently and fairly.

Some are doing their honest best. As to others—

Well, if they tell you they can't meet your very modest demands, or you feel that they are not distributing their supplies fairly, write and tell us.

We may be able to ascertain their stocks.

In any case, it will help us to stop a very discreditable attempt on the part of certain members of the trade to blame the Ministry of Fuel for a shortage which, at the moment, doesn't exist.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. E. Hawkins, Smallberry Avenue, Islworth, Middlesex, has been awarded this week's £1 ls.

Letters are invited about any suspected ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A man who used to drive a No. 14 bus through London tells how the Mosquitos of his Wing devour unsuspecting enemy aircraft

HERE is the most famous Night Fighter Station in the world. In this beautiful Manor, with its great stairway and the linen-fold panelling, lived half a dozen of the R.A.F.'s ace fighters.

Within the steel and cement buildings scattered like a small township among the coppices and spinneys were the closely guarded secrets—perhaps the most valuable in warfare to-day—that have given the R.A.F. such a striking technical edge over the enemy in the night skies.

In three months this station of Fighter Command, now lying in a dream-like haze of moonshine and faint blue lights marking the tracks and runways, has destroyed just over half the German planes it has sighted.

"Developments in night fighter technique," said the Wing Commander, "have gone ahead perhaps faster than anything in any other branch."

"The Hun knows all the old tricks. He's clever at evasive action. But as things are at present he daren't send over more than a few sneak-raiders here and there. He knows we've got his number. I imagine he knows why—but not how."

"I'm not expecting you to give away any secrets," I said. "Could you tell me how you work?"

This man in the last month has shot down seven Huns in five nights. His personal score is in the twenties—all by night. He is twenty-four and before the war was a London bus conductor on Route 14, right across the heart of the West End.

"Well, for a start," the Wing Commander began, "we've got what is without question the finest ship in the business to-day, the Mosquito. Fastest in the world and handles like a dream. . . .

"Then there is radiolocation. It has steadily grown more and more important. We and the Yanks are miles ahead."

Human Eye

"Our boys are put on their targets like pointers on to game by radiolocation from the ground. Once one of my boys up there gets the enemy's exact location only very bad luck can rob him of getting his Hun. . . .

"Darkness has lost its great advantage for the bomber—cover. It still keeps its advantage for the target—cover."

"Everyone knows that our radiolocation plots the raider as it approaches the coast and keeps it plotted on the tables in Operations Room at Fighter Command H.Q. and elsewhere until it either hits the deck or goes off."

"Ops at Command pass on any birds heading for any particular section, and after that it's up to the section."

"All right. I'm sitting in readiness. On nights like this I always sit and drowse in pitch darkness. Some of my boys wear very dark glasses. Some don't bother about the night vision, counting on getting twenty minutes or so in their Mosquitos."

"I always sit in darkness because the Hun I'm going to fight will have had about an hour's night flying to get his full night vision by the time I contact him, whereas I shall have had only fifteen to twenty minutes—not enough for 100 per cent. fighting efficiency."

"Well—we're scrambled. My navigator-observer—there are two of us in every Mosquito that goes up night fighting—he and I can get into the air in less than two minutes from being scrambled."

"We get off, and the first thing we do is to breathe oxygen. We all breathe oxygen from the ground up. Keeps you



"The finest ship in the business to-day—the Mosquito"

They Fall Like Torches In the Sky

100 per cent. vital and it helps night vision.

"You're eventually within sight of the Hun. On a bright night you can see him at 3,000 ft. That's extreme. Depends on the light."

"In poorer light you can pick up a shadow at about 800 ft. You can identify at between 600 ft. and 300 ft. Three hundred feet is getting quite close."

"So we've intercepted, and the target—whatever it may turn out to be—is visible. Now, here's the queer part of the business. Our chaps have found, after months and months of stooging around in the dark, that you see dim things best in the night skies out of the corner of your eyes. . . .

"The scientific boys in the backroom explained it all off pat when we showed them just what happened. They say it has to do with the structure of the human eye—rods and cones in your eyeball, or chemistry . . . or something."

"There's your shadow out of the corner of your eye. Whatever it is, it won't have seen you. You get in close enough to look full at it . . . and here's where the pause comes in."

"You and the chap at the back are staring at it pretty hard, talling along quite near it. What is it? You see, you have to be very careful on identifying."

"The Mosquito pours out a pretty heavy load of lethal bricks, and what you've got in your ring sights generally goes down ker-plonk. So you have to look out before you press the button."

"Up to the last scrutiny that identifies, you only know that from the ground you have been given the location of something made of metal that bounces back radio waves when they are directed to hit it. The human eye in the end is the vital factor."

Giant Blowlamp

"Right, then. You and your observer are now quite sure it's a Ju. 88."

"Well—that's all there is to it. You line the fellow up in your ring sights. I personally have my screw turned almost right back so that the sights just show as the merest glow. I keep the rest of my ship in absolute darkness."

"Not a single light anywhere. The instrument panel shows in the radium paint, but I avoid even looking at that if I am concentrating on identifying a shadow."

"When you've got him in the circle you press the button. Down he goes. Never knows what's hit him. . . .

"The fellow I shot down last week was there in my sights one split second, and the next—the whole outfit was alive and aglow like a giant blowlamp. . . .

Not a Chance

"When it hit the sea the flames opened up like a flower, then a blue patch spread over the water and rippled with flame for a moment, then snuffed out into pitch black again."

"What sort of light conditions suit you best?" I asked.

"Any sort, as long as there's enough to identify. Some types of cloud formations help in silhouetting."

"The sky over towards the North Pole tends to be brighter than the rest of the sky in high summer because of the sun down below the horizon."

"I fidget around getting him against the shape of a cloud above or against a brighter patch in the sky, make sure, then sidle in, and let him have it!"

"You have no tracer in the ammunition. It would blind you. You can't see your own firing flashes, since your gun muzzles are flashproof."

"So is the ammunition, at that. But the Hun can see the pricks of light from your guns that means stuff coming . . . and curtains for him."

"I've never been shot at yet. It's a hundred to one he doesn't know you're there. Even if he does he lies low, hoping you haven't spotted him, for he hasn't a dog's chance if you have!"

B. L. JACOT.

Strands of Life's Homespun

WHATEVER Life seems to deal you in good fortune or in bad, don't spend your time in grumbling or getting downhearted or sad. That won't make it any better; just do what's got to be done, for you'll find a task is much lighter once it is begun. So whatever hopes seem banished by the shadow of events, don't let such things dismay you, for Trouble always moves her tents.

SO whatever you find yourself faced with, don't falter or give in or shirk, just tackle things as they come, as part of your daily work. For it isn't the things that confront us that cast us into life's ruts, it's dealing with them squarely and with

what some folk, rather crudely, call guts! Not all of life is hard going, and not all of it is pure bliss, for life in the aggregate you will find is mostly a bit of that and this.

YOU'LL find that things aren't so terrific as at first sight they so often seem, for life for the most part lies between the plain fact and the happy dream. And that's why we need high courage, and why we need smiles as well, why we need our faith and those inner thoughts that we live by yet rarely tell. And that's why we need our prayers, our laughter, and love, and fun; you see, God gave us all these things, they are the strands of Life's Homespun. J. M.

Voice of the

FOR thrills in India, you just make a train journey. Cpl. A. Woodhead, R.A.F., India Command, writes to his friends at Thornleigh, Savile Town, Dewsbury:

You change from the main line to the narrow-gauge branch line, and after a few miles travel over the plains you see the mountains standing up ahead like a great barrier.

The train then begins to twist and turn as it climbs upwards, and at times it feels as if we were going up in a lift. The curves and loops are tremendous, and the line doubles back as if trying to tie itself into a knot, so that the train runs round and round like a dog chasing its own tail.

Two men sit on the front of the engine and sprinkle sand on the line. This is to make the wheels grip, but often they don't and the train starts going backwards and downwards at an alarming rate.

Sometimes the carriages jolt precariously near the cliff edge and you look out to a sheer drop which makes you think of flowers and funerals and things.

Up and up we went for about three hours, climbing to 5,000 ft. and covering a distance of twenty-five miles.

Arriving at your destination you feel that a "thanksgiving service" should be held at once. But the majesty of the mountains makes the journey worth while.

Live Ammunition

Trouble aboard an ammunition ship, with shells exploding in the hold, called for heroism—and got it. The story is told in a letter by one of the crew to a friend at Cauldwell Lane, Monkseaton.

We had to work fast; at six in the morning we began to dump the shells overboard. Forty minutes later a number of them exploded, killing one soldier and injuring five others.

There was no doctor aboard, so the Master and officers of the ship attended to the wounded, and we got them out of the hold where the shells had gone off.

The ship got under way again as soon as the wounded had been made comfortable. We called at a port to put the injured men ashore, but the ship was not

★ Have you an interesting relative in the Foreign GUINEA will be paid published—more if a good story is used at greater all letters are returned. Readers' Views. Address to "Voice," JOHN BULL, Acce, London, V



allowed to anchor owing to the town and to other. Before we put to sea a call for Army volunteers officers and forty men came before we sailed.

Our job was to dump shells into the sea, as many were damaged by the explosion. It was a ticklish business, had to be hauled up—loaded on to heavy work—then tipped into the sea.

The second officer was a winchman, while the Master and officers were to transfer the trays.

It was a good job done without any flurry or excitement. It might have been uninteresting, but we sighed the last item of our danger gone over the side.

Later we learned that officers had been decorated. It deserved to be. But it's no mention or honour to the crew.

After-Dinner

Leopards in the night theme of a letter from a serving in East Africa daughter at Croft Road, Dorset:

The other evening I walked after dinner, on half a mile from camp, on a narrow road, I heard rustling in the undergrowth.

I walked on, but as the rustling drew nearer I flashed a torch. Then something brushed against my leg, like an Alsatian dog.

The beam of my torch fell on a small animal, which hesitated a moment, then scuttled away. I saw spots! The animal

of the Troops

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story is used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Dumping damaged explosives was a ticklish business

I cut short my evening stroll and went back to camp.

Next day, natives in the village reported that leopards had been in the neighbourhood overnight.

Fruitful Volcano

Some of the troops serving in Sicily have now had time to have a look-in at Mount Etna. Sig. J. Foden, R.A., writes to his friends at Robertshaw Avenue, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester:

We have just been on a trip to Mount Etna, and on the slopes going up we picked grapes, apples and pears.

Part of the country has been devastated by eruptions of the volcano, and the climb up the loose cinders makes rather heavy going.

The crater is about 700 yds. wide, and you can walk most of the way round it. Not much to see, except sulphur vapour rising—and the fumes are unpleasant.

The last stretch from the observatory took 75 min. going up, and 10 min. going down.

Skirl of the Pipes

Men of the R.N. depot at Gibraltar make good hosts. Writer B. Stephen, R.N., writes to his sister at Harbour Street, Peterhead, Aberdeenshire:

We had a splendid evening out in the Bay. Our Padre arranged things and the church supplied the refreshments. There was the Royal Scots Pipe Band with us, so it was music all the way.

When we tied up alongside a U.S. ship the Americans were so pleased with the band and the Scotch tunes that they overwhelmed us with hospitality.

Afterwards came the high spot of the trip—we circled round a hospital ship with the band playing. The pipers lined up facing the floating hospital, with the result that at every port-hole appeared a head, and on deck invalids waved. How they cheered!

Across the Bay rang out our tribute to the 8th Army.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

AFTER six weeks' training at the mines I am bewildered. The country urgently needs coal, yet some miners can apparently be spared to work only three days a week in the pit and the next three in the gardens of local colliery managers. That's the way to send up coal production!—"Disgusted," North Country.

★ ★ ★
Readers short of soap should use the leaves of the common Soapwort, also known as Fuller's Herb. It makes a good lather and is much used in India for washing clothes.—H. Kirkbright, Brockland Rise, N.W.11. —

★ ★ ★
Manufacturers of some proprietary commodities have reduced sizes of containers, brazenly adulterated contents, and raised prices sky-high. A three-fold ramp!—W. Corrah, Coalville, Leicester.

★ ★ ★
At the local salvage depot there are dozens of sacks of aluminium, brass, copper, etc., which have been there for many months. I thought that there was an urgent need for non-ferrous metals!—"Query," Sheffield.

★ ★ ★
Hundreds of women employed in retail stores cannot do their shopping on their half-day off, because all the other shops are closed. Why not "stagger" the half-day closing period?—L. G. A. Roberts, Perry Bar, Birmingham.

After-Dinner Tale

Leopards in the night, is the main theme of a letter from Lt. L. Francis, serving in East Africa, to his daughter at Croft Road, Parkstone, Dorset:

The other evening I went out for a walk after dinner, on my own. About half a mile from camp, as I walked along a narrow road, I heard something rustling in the undergrowth.

I walked on, but as the noise increased and drew nearer I flashed on my torch. Then something brushed past me, followed by something else which seemed like an Alsatian dog.

The beam of my torch fell on a third animal, which hesitated as if it were annoyed but then scuttled off. Then I saw spots! The animals were leopards!

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

A WIDOW who lost her husband thirteen years ago has been living for her two sons. When they left school one boy became a journalist and the other a theatrical producer. This is what the mother says:

Our interests are similar, and they tell me I am more like a friend than a mother to them. I am not possessive. My dream has been to see them happily married and to be a sort of headquarters for them and their children—to know that I can still be useful to them.

I have enjoyed my life and find happiness in simple things, but my sons have joined the Forces and I am overwhelmed with the fear that I may lose them. Without them my life would be utterly empty and meaningless.

Suddenly I felt that the solution had come to me. Why need I worry when the remedy was in my own hands? I believe that death is a gateway to a happier world, and if the worst happened I could pass over and join them again.

There is no one else to whom I matter deeply. I should be hurting no one.

When I mentioned my idea to my elder son he did not agree with me at all. He said it was a cowardly thing to do. Please tell me what you think. I pray to God it may never happen, but if it should...

If this widow had lost both her sons and were feeling desperate with grief, one could understand her thinking of suicide as a way out. But it is strange to think of a woman who is well and happy entertaining such dark thoughts.

From her point of view she may be logical; she believes that she would immediately rejoin her sons in a better world.

Nevertheless, our strongest instinct is to cling to life, even a life of suffering, and there is something within us that shrinks from the idea of self-destruction.

"In that sleep of death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause...

And make us rather bear those ills we have

Than fly to others that we know not of."

We are not logical beings. Thousands of good people who have faith in the Life Hereafter are fearful of death—more fearful than others to whom death is a sleep and a forgetting.

I think the son was right to discourage his mother's thoughts, and I hope she will dismiss them. To my way of seeing things her remedy is no solution.

Fear of Illness

Here is a less serious problem. Another reader writes:

I have a husband who imagines he has all the ailments under the sun. He tries every kind of medicine one has ever heard of. I come cross bottles of this and tins of that which he has hidden about the house. The amount of money he spends on them is ridiculous.

I am afraid this mania for dosing himself with physic will go to his head and make him do something desperate. Is there any way of curing a man of such silly ideas?

It sounds as if the writer of the letter is married to a hypochondriac. His anxiety about health has become an obsession. He probably has a secret fear of sudden death, and every ache or pain is regarded as the symptom of some terrible disease.

Mr. Kenneth Walker, the well-known Harley Street surgeon, says that the majority of people who go to consult him are victims of anxiety; but at least they do go to an expert instead of trying to diagnose themselves.

The really busy man who is keen on his work has neither time nor inclination to brood over his health. I think this man would be better if he had a totally different occupation.



One mother found parting too much for her

IT'S NOT EVEN THE EASIEST WAY OUT OF LIFE

If that is impossible he would do well to take up some active hobby—one which would take his thoughts outside himself. And now here's a letter from a man who's frightened of old age:

Young in Heart

I had a nasty shock the other morning. A young woman suddenly said to me: "You don't consider yourself really old, do you?" I should say you are just elderly!" She was trying to let me down lightly, of course, but the word has haunted me ever since. I am now an elderly man... and I can't reconcile myself to the idea.

The thought of old age has always alarmed me, but it is forced upon me and it hurts. I know time can't stand still and I am bound to show traces of wear and tear; but I do think it is horrible to look old when one's spirit is young.

I wish this reader could see some of the happy letters I receive from elderly and quite old people. They may have feared advancing years as he does, but when they were obliged to accept the facts they found that old age often has a kindly face and a friendly approach.

It is a pleasure to hear from people of seventy or more that their late summer and early autumn have been as enjoyable as their early days. And why not?

KILLED BY A SHELL

DURING a recent air raid in the London area a house at Warlingham was struck by an anti-aircraft shell. The occupant, Mrs. M. B. Merryfield, sustained injuries from which she died shortly after being conveyed to hospital.

As Mrs. Merryfield was a registered reader of JOHN BULL a cheque for the benefit provided under our Free Air Raid Insurance has been promptly sent to her next-of-kin.

JOHN BULL offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire Guards, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Civil Defence workers, etc., an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Bombardment, Gas Attacks and Invasion, as well as Comprehensive Household Benefits.

Registration Forms can be obtained from JOHN BULL's Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

NOW THAT'S
A REAL
SHINE—



-IT MUST BE
**CHERRY
BLOSSOM
BOOT POLISH**

APPLY SPARINGLY—
THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED.

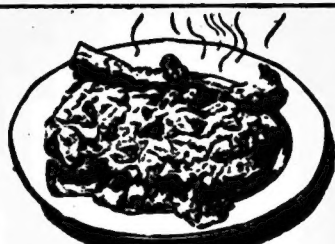
CS/AP

Excuse me—
**INNER
CLEANLINESS**
with **ANDREWS**
is the first
Health rule



For Inner Cleanliness be regular
with your Andrews
Family size tin 2/-, inc. purchase tax

(32-14)



SCRAMBLE EGGS this way

—and hear the family's praises!

Try making scrambled eggs this way and then watch the family tuck into them!

Allow one level tablespoonful of dried egg for each person. Add salt and pepper, then reconstitute, following directions on the packet. Dried eggs, you know, are whole, shell eggs dried and packed when they're absolutely new-laid.

Beat the mixture well, then add one tablespoonful of milk for each egg, and beat again. Melt a small knob of margarine in a saucepan and pour in the eggs. **COOK AS SLOWLY AS POSSIBLE**, stirring once or twice to keep the mixture from sticking to the bottom of the pan. It's important not to over-cook. Serve immediately the eggs are "set."

Add chopped parsley or herbs if you like, while the eggs are cooking, but scrambled eggs made this way taste delicious plain!

Don't mix dried eggs with water till you are ready to use them.

You are allowed one packet of Dried Eggs per ration book every four weeks

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1

**BOTTLED
VINEGAR**
is best
for
pickling!



and this is the
**BEST BOTTLED
VINEGAR**

LAST LAUGH

E. K. (Cambridge).—"A school inspector conducting an oral examination noticed that one boy had an unusual accent, and it was found that he had a plum in his mouth." The lad's future as a B.B.C. announcer seems assured.

G. L. (Highgate).—"There is something transparently pleasing about a London policeman." Not if he stands in front of you at a football match.

F. L. (Orpington).—"Is it likely that the meat ration will be cut in the near future?" Oh yes. Try a sharper knife.

HIGHLANDER (Catania, Sicily).—"Our pipe band gives concerts to the Italians every other night." It serves the blighters right for supporting Mussolini so long.

P. P. (Exeter).—"Is there a man living who understands women?" If there is you can bet the women have no use for him.

Carriv (London).—"To describe the majority of the thrillers written to-day as gripping is to be inaccurate." You think the word should be gripping?

M. M. (Retford).—"The wise man discusses every old thing with his wife." But not every young thing.

C. C. (Exeter).—"When does a cold bath give an ordinary chap the most pleasure?" When he gives it up.

W. W. (Fulham).—"What more can a man want than peace in his own house?" Peace in his neighbour's.

Bos (Salford).—"Fire-watchers are becoming great talkers." They just watch and prate.

C. O. (York).—"To make a business go one needs more than a typist." Yes, a typewriter.

P. G. (Birmingham).—"Many of the public reading rooms in this country are damp." Yet the usual



OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER
"Just a little fiercer, Mr. Busby. Remember the threat to your home"

Side-Slips

EVENING STAR:—"In the witness box M— denied having asked for, or received, bribes in connection with his work."

DAILY MAIL:—"From the moment when we see a man, his head completely swathed in BADGES."

complaint against them is that they are full of dry rot.

S. K. (Cambridge).—"One London bus-conductress is a good boxer." If a passenger tries to travel too far on a twopenny ticket she gives him a fourpenny one.

D. K. (Dulwich).—"Many foreigners in London bow from the waist." Suburban housewives might try this on their butcher.

DAILY RECORD:—"Porters, warning the public what to do if martial law is imposed, are being fixed throughout the city..."

EVENING NEWS:—"...sprang at him, gripped him round the waists, and tried to draw him from the room."



RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,399

FIRST PRIZE £75 and Radio

Mrs. C. M. Baynes, 122, Fielding Rd., Bedford Park, W.4, for this "Bullet":

LIVE IN GERMANY
JUST "HELL"—JUST HELL!

610: P. Smith, 71, Pakey St., Liverpool. Britannia's Crew—Widely Discuss Her "Destinations."

65: J. Jenkins, 12, Park Ave., Madeley, Salop. Hopes For To-morrow—Fight The Red Peace!

64: R. G. Aldridge, 65, Tivoli Cres., Brighton. Thousands Of Cottages—Bombs Crashed—Then Shook!

66: Dr. R. H. Bruce, R.A.S.C., Somersham, Britain. Private Smith—Planning Meal World? Home!

68: Mrs. C. M. Morris, 3, Camberley Ave., Epsom, Park, S.W.20. Hunt Not Hide—Light, Britain—Lit Beacon.

£50 for 4 LETTERS NEXT PAGE

6 of 66: M. Derriman, 62, Parkfield Rd., Almondsbury, Middlesbrough.

Thousands Of Homes—But No "Loophole." Hitler! E. C. Clarke, 17, High St., Devon.

Hitler's Plans—Thinking Fast—Thinking Fast. R. Cook, 31, Copthall Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham.

Shocking Liberator—Film Star's Passport Photo? Miss D. Fleming, 12, St. John's Rd., N.W.11.

Post-war Programme—Attached To Voting Panel? G. M. Owen, 5, Portman Tce., Bournemouth.

Imported To India—Baking Understanding? "Famine," Too.

P. C. Tansley, 12, The Causeway, Carlisle. Man Who Sticks—But? Tried Miner's "Eat-hole"

A list of 36 winners of 10s. and 100 3-in-1 Prizes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

OVER 380 PRIZES
WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 141

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjutant-General's Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS E-F-A-B entered by following 14 competitors, who thus share £50: J. Brandon, Grantham; J. V. Cantwell, Llan; E. C. Cooper, Aylesbury; J. Crook, Rochdale; J. T. Cullen, Rhineland; H. W. Diggle, East Kirby; A. C. Dugworth, Castle Douglas; R. Frank, Salisbury; P. Looney, Harrow; Cpl. C. Mills, Somewhere-in-Britain; W. A. Northcott, St. Budeaux; E. Short, Gainsborough; E. H. Smith, Stotfold; Miss E. Tompsett, Bayswater.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 64 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order above. 2nd Runners-up Awards for 229 entrants with FIRST TWO.

6100 GROWFORD RESULT IN "GABRIEL."

GREATEST OF THESE

WE are told we've got to wait for that New World.

If more of our statesmen had tasted such bitter experience as Mr. Joseph Carter, we wouldn't have to wait so long.

They would soon take their Beveridge Plans out of their war time pigeon-holes and use them on behalf of such people as he, his wife and their little daughter of two.

He joined the Army in 1928, served eight years in India, a year in France, and had his nerves torn to shreds at Dunkirk.

So they had to discharge him. Character throughout fifteen years in the Army: Exemplary. There can be no higher tribute.

Oh, yes. Two employers in succession gave him a chance of augmenting his meagre pension of £1 17s. 8d. a week.

But collapses at his job ended the experiment.

Rent, 15s. Weekly payments on their £35 worth of furniture, 10s. 6d. Could even such a little home be kept?

Then unemployment pay ceased. Now there is only the prospect of a weekly P.A.C. grant.

But donations earmarked "Little Home" will be devoted to that end. Or you can give your help to the General Fund. Address: Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We acknowledge where names and addresses are given, but welcome anonymous help, too. Lists of subscriptions are kept: copies on application.

And no deductions are made, all administrative expenses being gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."



Joseph Carter survived the horror of Dunkirk

MR. HOOK
HAD HIS 'LIKENESS TOOK.'
ALAS,
HIS CHIN WAS SCRUFFY!
HE HAD NOT SHAVED
THE EASY WAY—
NO WONDER
HE LOOKED HUFFY!



USE
EASY
SHAVING STICK
Over 100 shaves
for 7½^p
(INCLUDES PURCHASE TAX)

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THEY ARE PRECIOUS TO ME!

St. Helens,
Dear Sirs, Sept. 7th. 1943.
Just a few lines to tell you what I think of your Yeast-Vite tablets.

I suffer with pains in my head, which are awful at times—then is the time I take two tablets. I don't know what I would do without them; they are precious to me, I have been taking them for years. They are a blessing to me. I recommend Yeast-Vite to many, and many times give away two tablets. (Sgd.) Mrs. W.

Dear Sirs, Liverpool, Sept. 1st, 1943.
Since taking your Yeast-Vite tablets I have felt a new woman.

A friend introduced them to me, telling me how much good they had done her, so I have tried them, and they have made a big improvement in me. (Sgd.) Miss M. W.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/4 and 3/4 per bottle including purchase tax. Do not blame your chemist if he is temporarily out of stock, he is doing his best in these difficult days of limited supplies and restricted transport.

Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Walsford.



FROM A doctor's diary

This is based on a doctor's experience of cases of V.D. It has been carefully edited so that the people concerned shall not be recognised.

"There are some things you just can't tell your Wife, doctor"

That's what a patient confessed to me—he dared not tell his wife that he had caught syphilis. I replied, 'It's your duty to tell her; the risks of not doing so are too big to take. Let me give you an instance.

Recently, I saw a mother with a little girl of 4. The mother had got an ulcer on her nose which was spreading rapidly and was destroying the nostril. The little girl had a peculiar rash. We took blood from both of them and we found that they were both suffering from syphilis. I asked the woman about herself and she told me that, when she was pregnant, her husband had been having injections, but she didn't know why—she did not know that he had been carrying on with loose women. Nobody had told her to get examined and she had thought no more about it.

We started treating both the mother and her child at once. The ulcer on her nose is getting smaller and the little girl's rash has disappeared.

Both are doing well, but we shall have to go on with the treatment for a long time until the tests show that the disease is completely cured.

The husband also will have to go on with his treatment. I am sure his doctor told him to tell his wife and to see that she came up for examination. But the husband faked it.

If we could have treated that woman when she was pregnant, she could have been cured before the disease had got so far, and more important still, her child would not have been born with syphilis.

I often quote this case, because it shows the terrible consequences that come from loose living and proves how vital it is if a husband or wife gets infected, to make sure that both get examined."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education (VD-20-27)



Why not
LOOK & FEEL
Your Very Best

KEEPING fit and bright is the duty of every woman these days. To keep going, you must replace lost energy; to retain your looks, your figure, your sparkle, you must remain internally well. Bile Beans are a sure passport to good health and good spirits.

Purely vegetable, Bile Beans cleanse and tone up the system. They evoke that "top of the world" feeling with a readiness to tackle the most exacting job.

Health, figure, and general attractiveness—these can be yours—
With The Aid of Mighty

BILE BEANS

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THE EMPIRES JEWELLERS
Famous for over a century, H. SAMUEL watches and precious jewels are now few and far between—his craftsmen are busy seven days a week on war work. But a fascinating selection will await your choice when Victory is won. And, thanks to his war-time research and experience, you are guaranteed an even higher standard of precision, beauty and value.
99 BRANCHES
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Win a BIG CHEQUE for 4 LETTERS!

HERE'S your opportunity to capture a useful cheque and a delicious 4-lb. Cake in time for Christmas! Entering this entertaining little contest is easy and quick. Just enjoy a few laughs over the amusing Bullets below, then complete your entry by giving FOUR LETTERS only as directed on coupon. Post it not later than Monday, November 29—and listen for the postman's knock when he brings round the prizes!

£50
CASH FIRST PRIZE
HUNDREDS of other AWARDS for 1st & 2nd runners-up
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XWORDS
Send 1d. stamp for 6 words containing £100 word offer to:—Gannet Dept., 1, Slingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

- In An Iron Grip—Turnstile Held Two Scotsmen.
- Neighbour's Black-out—Perfect—Till Footsteps Passing!
- Upset The Vicar—Chairboys "Fighting Good Fight"!
- Her Little Secret—Ju-jitsu—He "Kissed" Floor!
- Amid The Debris—"It Was Siren, John!"
- On His Knees—Burglar—On Father's Chest!
- She And Her Mother—"Brains Trust" Asking Questions!
- All Over The Village—Chasing Laundry, Inside Goat!
- Somewhere In Bath—Baby—Dad Rescuing Soap!

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES—ENTRY COIS. BELOW

NOW YOU CAN WIN £50
Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in column of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry on at foot of page—or enclose with Bullets entry.

I agree to Rules and enclose correct P.O. or stamp entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Dec. 11.

P.O. Value..... No.....
Signed.....
Address.....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, NOV. 29.

145

OVER 300 'LAUGH LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES
1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bulletin Judges. This prize and not more than one Laugh-Line prize per entrant to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross 1/4 11/7, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupon personally completed and service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's contest, published in JOHN BULL, dated Dec. 18, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

CHEQUES RADIO and XMAS CAKES for BULLETS INCREASED
£50
£25
plus 100 MENT AWARDS
10/15/14/13/12/11/10/9/8/7/6/5/4/3/2/1

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"
To make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Dec. 10.
PROGRAMME FOR 1944 WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS IN THE FIGHTING DISGRACE TO BRITAIN MASTERLY INACTIVITY FOR THE FORCES TO PUNISH THE NAZIS MUST GO ALONG THE ROAD MIGHTY MAN

SAVED THEIR HOME THE DANGER IS PROVED A FLOP WORTH A MILLION GOING TO BE GOOD DIFFICULTIES AT A SNAIL'S PACE EVERYBODY'S SORRY, BUT HAPPY MAN LET BYGONES BE BYGONES AND
Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.
PRESENT FOR WAR OF AN EXTRA TO HER NEWS FROM WHEN A MAN'S

BULLETS 1,389 RESULT appears on page 14

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—order in blank margin below:

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamp entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my name..... including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Dec. 11. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN TAPE OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No.
Signed.....
Address.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,403—or "Laugh-Lines" 145," JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

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You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in a position to give that to you Free.



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What
PRECISION
is to a Bofors Gun
HERCULES
Precision Engineering is to
the **CYCLE** of
TO-DAY.



The Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd. . . . Aston . . . Birmingham



If you find difficulty in obtaining Hobbies Fretwork Outfits and Fretsaw Blades, remember that they are playing their part with the Services, in Civil Defence, in Factories and in Hospitals. There can be very few left over for civilians until we have won.

Hobbies Ltd.
Dorchester,
Hampshire



**Mother! Child's Best Laxative is
'California Syrup of Figs'**

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative. Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.

**Nerves and
Digestion?**
...more **Vitamin B**

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B... and they know that the richest natural source of this life-giving Vitamin is pure 'LIVE' Yeast.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is LIVE Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B than 4-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals, you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE AND VITALITY to all.

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Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST
the Yeast WITHOUT DRUGS

All Chemists

1/3, 2/-
Tablets

Phillips
TONIC YEAST
—It's LIFE ITSELF!



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WILL MAKE YOUR
FOOTWEAR LAST
MUCH LONGER**

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1. Wet the beard thoroughly.
2. Put a little cream on chin with finger tip.
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